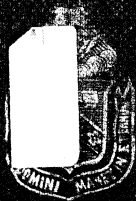


The  
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THE

POETICAL WORKS

68474

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME VII.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VOL. VII.

1



THE  
BARD'S INCANTATION.

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION IN THE  
AUTUMN OF 1804.<sup>1</sup>

---

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,  
It is of all black pine and the dark oak-tree ;  
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,  
Is whistling the forest lullaby :  
The moon looks through the drifting storm,  
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,  
For the waves roll whitening to the land,  
And dash against the shelvy strand.  
There is a voice among the trees,  
That mingles with the groaning oak—  
That mingles with the stormy breeze,  
And the lake-waves dashing against the  
rock ;—

<sup>1</sup> [This poem was first published in the "English Minstrelsy," 2 vols. Edin. 1810.]

There is a voice within the wood,  
The voice of the bard in fitful mood ;  
His song was louder than the blast,  
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,  
Minstrels and bards of other days !  
For the midnight wind is on the heath,  
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze :  
The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,<sup>1</sup>  
Is wandering through the wild woodland ;  
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,  
And the time is meet to awake the dead !

“ Souls of the mighty, wake and say,  
To what high strain your harps were strung,  
When Lochlin plow'd her billowy way,  
And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?  
Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,  
Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food,  
All, by your harpings doom'd to die  
On bloody Largs and Loncarty.<sup>2</sup>

“ Mute are ye all ? No murmurs strange  
Upon the midnight breeze sail by ;

<sup>1</sup> The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.

<sup>2</sup> Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

Nor through the pines, with whistling change,  
Mimic the harp's wild harmony !  
Mute are ye now ?—Ye ne'er were mute,  
When Murder with his bloody foot,  
And Rapine with his iron hand,  
Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

“ O yet awake the strain to tell,  
By every deed in song enroll'd,  
By every chief who fought or fell,  
For Albion's weal in battle bold ;—  
From Coilgach,<sup>1</sup> first who roll'd his car  
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,  
To him, of veteran memory dear,  
Who victor died on Aboukir.

“ By all their swords, by all their scars,  
By all their names, a mighty spell !  
By all their wounds, by all their wars,  
Arise, the mighty strain to tell !  
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,  
More impious than the heathen Dane,  
More grasping than all-grasping Rome,  
Gaul's ravening legions hither come ! ”

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—  
Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,  
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,

<sup>1</sup> The Galgacus of Tacitus.

At the dread voice of other years—  
“ When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,  
And blades round warriors’ heads were flung,  
The foremost of the band were we,  
And hymn’d the joys of Liberty ! ”



## THE VIOLET.<sup>1</sup>

---

THE violet in her green-wood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining ;  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;  
Nor longer in my false love's eye  
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

<sup>1</sup> [This and the following piece appeared in the "English Minstrelsy," vol. ii. Edinburgh: 1810.]

## TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

---

TAKE these flowers, which, purple waving,  
On the ruin'd rampart grew,  
Where, the sons of freedom braving,  
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger  
Pluck no longer laurels there :  
They but yield the passing stranger  
Wild-flower wreath for Beauty's hair.

## THE RESOLVE.<sup>1</sup>

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM—1809.

---

My wayward fate I needs must plain,  
    Though bootless be the theme ;  
I loved, and was beloved again,  
    Yet all was but a dream :  
For, as her love was quickly got,  
    So it was quickly gone ;  
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,  
    But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er  
    My fancy shall beguile,  
By flattering word, or feigned tear,  
    By gesture, look, or smile :  
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,  
    Till it has fairly flown,  
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;—  
    I'll rather freeze alone.

<sup>1</sup> [Published in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1808.]

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,  
In cheek, or chin, or brow,  
And deem the glance of woman's eye  
As weak as woman's vow :  
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,  
That is but lightly won ;  
I'll steal my breast to beauty's art,  
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,  
The diamond's ray abides ;  
The flame its glory hurls about,  
The gem its lustre hides ;  
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,  
And glow'd a diamond stone,  
But, since each eye may see it shine,  
I'll darning dwell alone.

No waking dreams shall tinge my thought  
With dyes so bright and vain,  
No silken net, so slightly wrought,  
Shall tangle me again :  
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,  
I'll live upon mine own,  
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—  
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,—  
“ Thy loving labour's lost ;  
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,

To be so strangely crost :  
The widow'd turtles mateless die,  
The phoenix is but one ;  
They seek no loves—no more will I—  
I'll rather dwell alone."

## EPITAPH.<sup>1</sup>

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT  
THE BURIAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD.

---

AMID these aisles, where once his precepts  
show'd

The heavenward pathway which in life he trode,  
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,  
And those he loved in life, in death are near;  
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,  
Memorial of domestic charities.

Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble  
spread,

In female grace the willow droops her head;  
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,  
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;  
What poet's voice is smother'd here in dust  
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—

<sup>1</sup> [Edinburgh Annual Register, 1809.]

Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,  
Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here SEWARD  
lies!

Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship  
say,—

Go seek her genius in her living lay.

ON THE  
MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.<sup>1</sup>

---

“O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow  
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,  
Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
Where none may list their melody?”

<sup>1</sup> [The following succinct account of this too celebrated event, may be sufficient for this place:—

“In the beginning of the year 1692, an action of unexampled barbarity disgraced the government of King William III. in Scotland. In the August preceding, a proclamation had been issued, offering an indemnity to such insurgents as should take the oaths to the King and Queen, on or before the last day of December; and the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James soon after took advantage of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by accident, rather than design, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end of December he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort-William, to take the oaths of allegiance to the government; and the latter having furnished him with a letter to Sir Colin Camp-

<sup>1</sup> [First published in Thomson's Select Melodies, 1814.]



Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,

bell, sheriff of the county of Argyll, directed him to repair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner before that magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable mountains, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered with a deep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oaths before the limited time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his own house, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived at Inverary. The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his submission; but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in inducing that functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify the cause of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, being in attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage of Macdonald's neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured from the King a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. This was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the Glencoe men had plundered, and whose treachery to government in negotiating with the Highland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly persuaded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; and the fact of the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the sanguinary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in consequence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the King's own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon, a captain in Argyll's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to Glencoe on the first of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell being uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all

Or to the eagle, that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy !"—

"No, not to these, for they have rest,—  
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,

manner of friendship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses of his tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month the troops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people; and on the very night of the massacre, the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's house. In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in the act of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two bullets. His wife had already dressed; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became general, and neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women in defending their children, were killed; boys imploring mercy, were shot dead by officers on whose knees they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were butchered by the soldiers. In Inveriggon, Campbell's own quarters, nine men were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals, one by one. Nearly forty persons were massacred by the troops; and several who fled to the mountains perished by famine and the inclemency of the season. Those who escaped owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, who had received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march with four hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe; but he was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the unfortunate clan. Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers."—*Article "BRITAIN:" Encyc. Britannica—New Edition.*]

The stag his lair, the erne her nest,  
Abode of lone security.  
But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray,  
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,  
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,  
The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay at guests that come  
In guise of hospitality.  
His blithest notes the piper plied,  
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
The dame her distaff flung aside,  
To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host's kind breast to feel  
Meed for his hospitality !  
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,  
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,  
That bade destruction's flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,  
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,  
More than the warrior's groan, could gain  
Respite from ruthless butchery !

The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
The snows that night that cloked the hill,  
Though wild and pitiless, had still  
Far more than Southern clemency.

“Long have my harp’s best notes been gone,  
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
They can but sound in desert lone  
Their gray-hair’d master’s misery.  
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,  
Each chord should imprecations fling,  
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,  
‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’”

PROLOGUE  
TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY,  
OF THE  
FAMILY LEGEND.<sup>1</sup>

---

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,  
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die ;  
'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear  
Of distant music, dying on the ear ;  
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand,  
We list the legends of our native land,  
Link'd as they come with every tender tie,  
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,  
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.

<sup>1</sup> [Miss Baillie's *Family Legend* was produced with considerable success on the Edinburgh stage in the winter of 1809-10. This prologue was spoken on that occasion by the Author's friend, Mr. Daniel Terry.]

Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,  
Or till Arcadia's <sup>1</sup> winter-fetter'd soil,  
He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes ;  
And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise !  
It opens on his soul his native dell,  
The woods wild waving, and the water's swell ;  
Tradition's theme, the tower that threatens the  
    plain,  
The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain :  
The coat beneath whose simple porch were told,  
By gray-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old,  
The infant group that hush'd their sports the  
    while,  
And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.  
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,  
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,  
And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind ?  
Oh no ! For She, within whose mighty page  
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,  
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,  
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.  
Yourselves shall judge—whoe'er has raised the sail  
By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's  
    tale.  
The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,  
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar

<sup>1</sup> Arcadia, or Nova Scotia.

Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night  
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight ;

Proudly preferr'd that first our efforts give  
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live ;  
More proudly yet, should Caledon approve  
The filial token of a Daughter's love.

## EPILOGUE TO THE APPEAL.<sup>1</sup>

SPOKEN BY MRS. HENRY SIDDONS,

FEB. 16, 1818.

---

A CAT of yore (or else old Æsop lied)  
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,  
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-day,  
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon her prey ;  
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,  
Threw off poor me, and pounced upon papa.  
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,  
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.  
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour  
Since the New Jail became our next-door neighbour.<sup>2</sup>

Yes, times *are* changed ; for, in your father's age,  
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage ;

<sup>1</sup> ["The Appeal," a Tragedy, by John Galt, the celebrated author of the "Annals of the Parish," and other Novels, was played for four nights at this time in Edinburgh.]

<sup>2</sup> It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the theatre.



However high advanced by future fate,  
There stands the bench (*points to the Pit*) that  
first received their weight.  
The future legal sage, 'twas ours to see,  
Doom though unwigg'd, and plead without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor mimic elf,  
Instead of lawyers comes the law herself ;  
Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,  
Builds high her towers and excavates her cells ;  
While on the left, she agitates the town,  
With the tempestuous question, Up or down ?<sup>1</sup>  
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,  
Law's final end, and law's uncertainty.  
But, soft ! who lives at Rome the Pope must  
flatter,  
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.  
Then—just farewell ! We wait with serious awe  
Till your applause or censure gives the law.  
Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,  
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

<sup>1</sup> At this time, the public of Edinburgh was much agitated by a lawsuit betwixt the magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the city, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge, which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

## EPILOGUE

TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON "ST. RONAN'S WELL."

---

[*"After the play, the following humorous address (ascribed to an eminent literary character) was spoken with infinite effect by Mr. Mackay in the character of Meg Dodds."*—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 9th June, 1824.]

---

[*Enter MEG DODDS, encircled by a crowd of unruly boys, whom a town's-officer is driving off.*]

THAT's right, friend—drive the gaitlings back,  
And lend yon muckle ane a whack ;  
Your Embro' bairns are grown a pack,  
Sae proud and saucy,  
They scarce will let an auld wife walk  
Upon your causey,

I've seen the day they would been scaur'd,  
Wi' the 'Tolbooth, or wi' the Guard,  
Or maybe wud hae some regard  
For Jamie Laing—<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [James Laing was one of the Depute-Clerks of the city of Edinburgh, and in his official connection with the Police and

The Water-hole<sup>1</sup> was right weel wared  
On sic a gang.

But whar's the gude Tolbooth<sup>2</sup> gane now?  
Whar's the auld Claught,<sup>3</sup> wi' red and blue?  
Whar's Jamie Lang? and whar's John Doo?<sup>4</sup>  
And whar's the Weigh-house?<sup>5</sup>  
Deil hae't I see but what is new,  
Except the Playhouse!

Yoursells are changed frae head to heel,  
There's some that gar the causeway reel  
With clashing hufe and rattling wheel,  
And horses canterin',  
Wha's fathers' daundered hame as weel  
Wi' lass and lantern.

the Council-Chamber, his name was a constant terror to evil-doers. He died in February, 1806.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Watch-hole.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Tolbooth of Edinburgh, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, was pulled down in 1817.]

<sup>3</sup> [The ancient Town Guard. The reduced remnant of this body of police was finally disbanded in 1817.]

<sup>4</sup> [John Doo, or Dhu—a terrific-looking and high-spirited member of the Town Guard, and of whom there is a print by Kay, etched in 1784.]

<sup>5</sup> [The Weigh-House, situated at the head of the West Bow, Lawnmarket, and which had long been looked upon as an encumbrance to the street, was demolished in order to make way for the royal procession to the Castle, which took place on the 22d of August, 1822.]

Myself being in the public line,  
I look for howfs I kenn'd lang syne,  
Whar gentles used to drink gude wine,  
                    And eat cheap dinners ;  
But deil a soul gangs there to dine,  
                    Of saints or sinners !

Fortune's<sup>1</sup> and Hunter's<sup>2</sup> gane, alas !  
And Bayle's<sup>3</sup> is lost in empty space ;  
And now if folk would splice a brace,  
                    Or crack a bottle,  
They gang to a new-fangled place  
                    They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg !  
They are sae greedy and sae gleg,  
That if ye're served but wi' an egg,

<sup>1</sup> [Fortune's Tavern—a house on the west side of the Old Stamp Office Close, High Street, and which was, in the early part of the last century, the mansion of the Earl of Eglington.—The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the day held his levees and dinners in this tavern.]

<sup>2</sup> [Hunter's—another once much-frequented tavern, in Writer's Court, Royal Exchange.]

<sup>3</sup> [Bayle's Tavern and Coffee-house, originally on the North Bridge, east side, afterwards in Shakspeare Square, but removed to admit of the opening of Waterloo Place. Such was the dignified character of this house, that the waiter always appeared in full dress, and nobody was admitted who had not a white neckcloth—then considered an indispensable insignium of a gentleman.]

(And that's puir picking,)
   
In comes a chiel and makes a leg,
   
And charges chicken !

"And wha may ye be," gin ye speer,  
 "That brings your auld-warld clavers here?"  
 Troth, if there's onybody near  
                     That kens the roads,  
 I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer,  
                     He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie ;  
 And, since I see you're in a hurry,  
 Your patience I'll nae langer worry,  
                     But be sae crouse  
 As speak a word for ane Will Murray,<sup>1</sup>  
                     That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashion'd things, in truth,  
 And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth ;  
 Yet actors shouldna suffer drouth,  
                     Or want of dramock,  
 Although they speak but wi' their mouth,  
                     Not with their stamock.

But ye take care of a' folk's pantry ;  
 And surely to hae stooden sentry  
 Ower this big house, (that's far frae rent-free,)

<sup>1</sup> [Mr. Wm. Murray became manager of the Edinburgh Theatre in 1815.]

For a lone sister,  
Is claims as gude's to be a ventri—  
How'st ca'd—loquister.

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care,  
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair;  
For gin they do, she tells you fair,  
And without failzie,  
As sure as ever ye sit there,  
She'll tell the Bailie.

## EPILOGUE.<sup>1</sup>

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THE sages—for authority, pray, look  
Seneca's morals, or the copy-book—  
The sages to disparage woman's power,  
Say, beauty is a fair, but fading flower ;—  
I cannot tell—I've small philosophy—  
Yet, if it fades, it does not surely die,  
But, like the violet, when decay'd in bloom,  
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.  
Witness our theme to-night, two ages gone,  
A third wanes fast, since Mary fill'd the throne.  
Brief was her bloom, with scarce one sunny day,  
'Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fotheringay :  
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood you  
    boast,  
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost ?  
O'er Mary's mem'ry the learn'd quarrel,  
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel,  
Time's echo, old tradition, makes her name

<sup>1</sup> ["I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play, afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs. H. Siddons was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary."—*Extract from a letter of Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Constable, 22d October, 1824.*]

The constant burden of his fault'ring theme ;  
In each old hall his grey-hair'd heralds tell  
Of Mary's picture, and of Mary's cell,  
And show—my fingers tingle at the thought—  
The loads of tapestry which that poor Queen  
wrought.

In vain did fate bestow a double dower  
Of ev'ry ill that waits on rank and pow'r,  
Of ev'ry ill on beauty that attends—  
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.  
Spite of three wedlocks so completely curst,  
They rose in ill from bad to worse, and worst,  
In spite of errors—I dare not say more,  
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore.  
In spite of all, however humours vary,  
There is a talisman in that word Mary,  
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some  
Is found the genuine *open sesamum* !  
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,  
It charms alike the castle and the hovel,  
Even you—forgive me—who, demure and shy,  
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every fly,  
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign  
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.



## MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS,<sup>1</sup>

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

---

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,  
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—

<sup>1</sup>[These lines first appeared, April 5, 1817, in a weekly sheet, called "The Sale Room," conducted and published by Messrs. Ballantyne and Co., at Edinburgh. In a note prefixed, Mr. James Ballantyne says, "The character fixed upon, with happy propriety, for Kemble's closing scene, was Macbeth, in which he took his final leave of Scotland on the evening of Saturday, the 29th March, 1817. He had laboured under a severe cold for a few days before, but on this memorable night the physical annoyance yielded to the energy of his mind.—'He was,' he said, in the green-room, immediately before the curtain rose, 'determined to leave behind him the most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever shown;' and his success was complete. At the moment of the tyrant's death the curtain fell by the universal acclamation of the audience. The applauses were vehement and prolonged; they ceased—were resumed—rose again—were reiterated—and again were hushed. In a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of Macbeth, (the audience by a consentaneous movement rising to receive him,) to deliver his farewell. . . . . "Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and with an effect

Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,  
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,  
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,  
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near ;  
To think my scenic hour forever past,  
And that those valued plaudits are my last.  
Why should we part, while still some powers remain,

That in your service strive not yet in vain ?  
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,  
And sense of duty fire the fading eye ;  
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued  
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude ?  
Ah, no ! the taper, wearing to its close,  
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows ;  
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,  
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last ;  
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage  
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.  
Yes ! It were poor, remembering what I was,  
To live a pensioner on your applause,  
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,  
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy ;

that was evidenced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. His own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lingered long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and cheered him with the waving of hats and long shouts of applause. At length, he finally retired, and, in so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life forever."']

Till every sneering youth around enquires,  
 "Is this the man who once could please our sires?"  
 And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,  
 To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.  
 This must not be ;—and higher duties crave  
 Some space between the theatre and the grave,  
 That, like the Roman in the Capitol,  
 I may adjust my mantle ere I fall :  
 My life's brief act in public service flown,  
 The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu ! while yet some well-graced  
 parts  
 May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,  
 Not quite to be forgotten, even when  
 You look on better actors, younger men :  
 And if your bosoms own this kindly debt  
 Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—  
 O, how forget !—how oft I hither came  
 In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame !  
 How oft around your circle this weak hand  
 Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,  
 Till the full burst of inspiration came,  
 And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame !  
 By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,  
 Those hours must live—and all their charms are  
 yours.

O favour'd Land ! renown'd for arts and arms,  
 For manly talent, and for female charms,

Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,  
What fervent benedictions now were thine !  
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,  
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my  
tongue ;  
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,  
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU  
WELL.

## LINES,<sup>1</sup>

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH.

---

WHEN the lone pilgrim views afar  
The shrine that is his guiding star,  
With awe his footsteps print the road  
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.  
As near he draws, and yet more near,  
His dim eye sparkles with a tear ;  
The Gothic fane's unwonted show,  
The choral hymn, the tapers' glow,  
Oppress his soul ; while they delight  
And chasten rapture with affright.

<sup>1</sup> [These lines were first printed in "The Forget-Me-Not, for 1834." They were written for recitation by the distinguished actress, Miss Smith, now Mrs. Bartley, on the night of her benefit at the Edinburgh Theatre, in 1817 ; but reached her too late for her purpose. In a letter which enclosed them, the poet intimated that they were written on the morning of the day on which they were sent—that he thought the idea better than the execution, and forwarded them with the hope of their adding perhaps "a little salt to the bill."]

No longer dare he think his toil  
Can merit aught his patron's smile ;  
Too light appears the distant way,  
The chilly eve, the sultry day—  
All these endured no favour claim,  
But murmuring forth the sainted name,  
He lays his little offering down,  
And only deprecates a frown.

We too, who ply the Thespian art,  
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,  
And, when our utmost powers are strain'd,  
Dare hardly hope your favour gain'd.  
She, who from sister climes has sought  
The ancient land where Wallace fought ;—  
Land long renown'd for arms and arts,  
And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts ;—<sup>1</sup>  
She, as the flutterings *here* avow,  
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now* ;  
Yet sure on Caledonian plain  
The stranger never sued in vain.  
'Tis yours the hospitable task  
To give the applause she dare not ask ;  
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,  
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

<sup>1</sup> [" O favour'd land ! renown'd for arts and arms,  
For manly talent, and for female charms."

*Lines written for Mr. J. Kemble.]*

THE  
SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;<sup>1</sup>  
OR,  
THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

WRITTEN IN 1817.

---

I.

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye,  
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,  
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly,  
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail!—<sup>2</sup>  
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail  
Given by the natives of that land canorous;  
Italian license loves to leap the pale,  
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,  
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,  
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,  
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their round,

<sup>1</sup> [First published in "The Sale Room, No. V.," February 1, 1817.]

<sup>2</sup> The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground ;  
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,  
"Sultaun ! thy vassal hears, and he obeys !"  
All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike  
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like ;  
For me, I love the honest heart and warm  
Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,  
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,  
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—  
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,  
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass ;  
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,  
Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay—  
Such Monarchs best our free-born humours suit,  
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

## III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—  
And where's Serendib ? may some critic say.—  
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,  
Scare not my Pegasus before I start !  
If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,  
The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map,—  
Famed mariner ! whose merciless narrations  
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,  
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter,  
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—<sup>1</sup>  
The last edition see, by Long. and Co.,  
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

<sup>1</sup>[See the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.]



## IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—  
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—  
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,  
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,  
—Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures  
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours,)  
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,  
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—  
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams  
' With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes  
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,  
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laugh'd,  
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy  
That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy;  
In his long list of melancholies, mad,  
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.<sup>1</sup>

## V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,  
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room;  
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they  
eyed,  
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside,  
And then in solemn accent spoke their doom,  
"His majesty is very far from well."  
Then each to work with his specific fell:  
The Hakim Ibrahim *instantly* brought  
His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,

<sup>1</sup> [See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.]

While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,  
 Relied on his Munaskif al fillfly.<sup>1</sup>  
 More and yet more in deep array appear,  
 And some the front assail, and some the rear;  
 Their remedies to reinforce and vary,  
 Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;  
 Till the tired Monarch, though of words grown  
     chary,  
 Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,  
 Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.  
 There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches,  
 To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

## VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice,  
 (They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,  
     And sought to shift it off from their own  
     shoulders,)  
 Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,  
 To call a sort of Eastern Parliament  
     Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—  
 Such have the Persians at this very day,  
 My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai*;—<sup>2</sup>  
 I'm not prepared to show in this slight song  
 That to Serendib the same forms belong,—  
 E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm  
     wrong.

<sup>1</sup> [For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the *Recipes of Avicenna*.]

<sup>2</sup> See Sir John Malcolm's admirable *History of Persia*.

## VII.

The Omrahs,<sup>1</sup> each with hand on scymitar,  
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war—  
“The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath  
Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death;  
Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,  
Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of battle!  
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,  
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,  
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,  
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.  
Each noble pants to own the glorious summons—  
And for the charges—Lo! your faithful Com-  
mons!”

The Riots who attended in their places  
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)  
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,  
From this oration auguring much disquiet,  
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;  
And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,  
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,  
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

## VIII.

And next came forth the reverend Convocation,  
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban  
green,  
Imaum and Mollah there of every station,  
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.

<sup>1</sup> Nobility.

Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque  
With fitting revenues should be erected,  
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,  
To recreate a band of priests selected ;  
Others opined that through the realms a dole  
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might  
profit

The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.

But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,  
More closely touch'd the point ;—" Thy studious  
mood,"

Quoth he, " O Prince ! hath thicken'd all thy  
blood,

And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond measure ;  
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure ;  
And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy treasure ;  
From all the cares of state, my Liege, enlarge  
thee,

And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy."

#### IX.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,

And so the patient (as is not uncommon  
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)

Resolved to take advice of an old woman ;  
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,  
And still was call'd so by each subject duteous.  
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,

Or only made believe, I cannot say—  
But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,

By dint of magic amulet or lay ;  
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,  
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

## X.

“*Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,”  
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son,)  
“It works upon the fibres and the pores,  
And thus, insensibly, our health restores,  
And it must help us here.—Thou must endure  
The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.  
Search land and sea, and get, where’er you can,  
The inmost vesture of a happy man,  
I mean his SHIRT, my son ; which, taken warm  
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your  
harm,  
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,  
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy’s.”  
Such was the counsel from his mother came ;—  
I know not if she had some under-game,  
As Doctors have, who bid their patients roam  
And live abroad, when sure to die at home ;  
Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,  
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother ;  
But, says the Chronicle, (who will go look it,)  
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

## XI.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,  
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.

The old Rais<sup>1</sup> was the first who question'd,  
"Whither?"

They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive  
Prince,

"Was call'd The Happy many ages since—

For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely  
thither.

But not in Araby, with all her balm,  
Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,  
Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,  
Could there the step of happiness be traced.  
One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her smile,  
When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile :  
She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he quaff'd,  
But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.

## XII.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary King,  
"These dolimans of ours are not the thing ;  
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I  
Incline to think some of them must be happy ;  
At least, they have as fair a cause as any can,  
They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.  
Then northward, ho !"—The vessel cuts the sea,  
And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—  
But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd  
Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,  
Long from her throne of domination tumbled,  
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled ;  
The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean,

<sup>1</sup> Master of the vessel.

And was not half the man he once had been.  
“While these the priest and those the noble  
fleeces,  
Our poor old boot,”<sup>1</sup> they said, “is torn to pieces.  
Its tops<sup>2</sup> the vengeful claws of Austria feel,  
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel.<sup>3</sup>  
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,  
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;  
A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,  
Poffaredio ! still has all the luck ;  
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—  
And then—a perfect walking money-bag.”  
Off set our Prince to seek John Bull’s abode,  
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

## XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,  
Was agitated like a settling ocean,  
Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what ail’d him,  
Only the glory of his house had fail’d him ;  
Besides, some tumours on his noddle biding,  
Gave indication of a recent hiding.<sup>4</sup>  
Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are  
heedless,

Thought it a thing indelicate and needless  
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.

<sup>1</sup> The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.

<sup>2</sup> Florence, Venice, &c.

<sup>3</sup> The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, *i. e.* Brother Devil.

<sup>4</sup> Or drubbing ; so called in the Slang Dictionary.

And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a  
Loud voice muster'd up, for "*Vive le Roi!*"

Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of Nap-  
py?"

The Sultaun answer'd him with a cross question,—

"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John  
Bull,

That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-  
pool?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,

The party shrugg'd and grinn'd, and took his  
snuff,

And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

#### XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers

As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,

(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,

And bade the veil of modesty be drawn,)

Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,

"Jean Bool!—I vas not know him—Yes, I vas—

I vas remember dat, von year or two,

I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—

Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,

Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous?

But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,

Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."

Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,

So Solimaun took leave, and cross'd the strait.



## XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,  
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;  
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,  
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.  
His wars were ended, and the victory won,  
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;  
And authors vouch, 'twas still this Worthy's  
way,

"Never to grumble till he came to pay;  
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,  
The work too little, and the pay too much."<sup>1</sup>

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,  
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,  
And past the power to harm his quiet more,

Poor John had wellnigh wept for Bonaparte!  
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd,—  
"And who are you," John answer'd, "and be  
d—d?"

## XVI.

"A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—  
So, signior, all avouch,—in Frangistan."<sup>2</sup>  
"Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand;  
Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;  
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths  
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths—

<sup>1</sup> See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.

<sup>2</sup> Europe.

Happy?—Why, cursed war and racking tax  
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.”—  
“In that case, signior, I may take my leave;  
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve”——  
“Favour?” said John, and eyed the Sultaun  
hard,  
“It’s my belief you came to break the yard!—  
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—  
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner.”—  
With that he chuck’d a guinea at his head;  
But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said,  
“Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;  
A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.  
Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well.”—  
“Kiss and be d—d,” quoth John, “and go to hell!”

## XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,  
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg  
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but, soberer now,  
She *doucely* span her flax and milk’d her cow.  
And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,  
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,  
Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,  
And once a-week a plenteous board she kept.  
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws  
And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,  
She now was grown amenable to laws,  
A quiet soul as any in the nation;  
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys

Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.  
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,  
She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,  
Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,  
Who look'd to the main chance, declined no  
labour,  
Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,  
And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

## XVIII.

The Sultaun enter'd and he made his leg,  
And with decorum curtsy'd sister Peg;  
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,  
And guess'd at once with whom she had to do.)  
She bade him "Sit into the fire," and took  
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook;  
Ask'd him "about the news from Eastern parts;  
And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!  
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,  
And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;—  
Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—  
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?  
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,  
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

## XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle  
In search of goods her customer to nail,  
Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle,  
And hollo'd,—“Ma'am, that is not what I ail.

Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"—  
"Happy?" said Peg; "What for d'ye want to  
ken?"

Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,  
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh."—  
"What say you to the present?"—"Meal's sae  
dear,

To mak their *brose* my bairns have scarce  
aneugh."—

"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,  
"I think my quest will end as it began.—  
Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg"—  
"Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

## XX.

Now for the land of verdant Erin,  
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,  
The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,  
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.  
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,  
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy  
under,

Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,  
Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.  
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow,  
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;  
His landlord, and of middle-men two brace,  
Had screw'd his rent up to the starving-place;  
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,  
His meal was a potato, and a cold one;

But still for fun or frolic, and all that,  
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

## XXI.

The Sultaun saw him on a holiday,  
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day :  
When mass is ended, and his load of sins  
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her  
    binns  
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,  
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit !  
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,  
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.  
"By Mahomet," said Sultaun Solimaun,  
"That ragged fellow is our very man !  
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,  
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt*."

## XXII.

Shilela their plan was wellnigh after baulking,  
(Much less provocation will set it a-walking,)  
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy  
    Whack ;  
They seized, and they floor'd, and they stripp'd  
    him—Alack !  
Up-bubboo ! Paddy had not—a shirt to his  
    back !!!  
And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and  
    shame,  
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

THE  
DANCE OF DEATH.<sup>1</sup>

---

I.

NIGHT and morning<sup>2</sup> were at meeting  
Over Waterloo ;  
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting ;  
Faint and low they crew,  
For no paly beam yet shone  
On the heights of Mount Saint John ;  
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway  
Of timeless darkness over day ;  
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,  
Mark'd it a predestined hour.  
Broad and frequent through the night  
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light ;  
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,  
Show'd the dreary bivouack  
Where the soldier lay,  
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,  
Wishing dawn of morn again,  
Though death should come with day.

<sup>1</sup> [Originally published in 1815, in the Edinburgh Annual Register, vol. v.]

<sup>2</sup> [MS.—“ Dawn and darkness.”]

## II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,  
Wizard, witch, and fiend, have power,  
And ghastly forms through mist and shower  
Gleam on the gifted ken ;

And then the affrighted prophet's ear  
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear  
Presaging death and ruin near

Among the sons of men ;—

Apart from Albyn's war-array,  
'Twas then grey Allan sleepless lay ;  
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,

Had follow'd stout and stern,  
Where, through battle's rout and reel,  
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,  
Led the grandson of Lochiel,

Valiant Fassiefern.

Through steel and shot he leads no more,  
Low laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—

But long his native lake's wild shore,  
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,

And Morven long shall tell,

And proud Bennevis hear with awe,

How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,

Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra

Of conquest as he fell.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See note, *ante*, p. 260.]

## III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,  
The weary sentinel held post,  
And heard, through darkness far aloof,  
The frequent clang <sup>1</sup> of courser's hoof,  
Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,  
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse ;  
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,  
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,  
And sights before his eye aghast  
Invisible to them have pass'd,

When down the destined plain,  
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,  
Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,  
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,  
And doom'd the future slain.—

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,  
When Scotland's James his march prepared

For Flodden's fatal plain ; <sup>2</sup>

Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,  
As Choosers of the Slain, adored

The yet unchristen'd Dane.

An indistinct and phantom band,  
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,

With gestures wild and dread ;

The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,  
Saw through their faint and shadowy form

<sup>1</sup> [MS.—“ Oft came the clang,” &c.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, vol. ii., Marmion, canto v., stanzas 24, 25, 36, and Appendix, Note N, p. 396.]



The lightning's flash more red ;  
And still their ghastly roundelay  
Was of the coming battle-fray,  
And of the destined dead.

## IV.

## SONG.

Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,  
So light and fleet,  
They do not bend the rye  
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,  
And swells again in eddying wave,  
As each wild gust blows by ;  
But still the corn,  
At dawn of morn,  
Our fatal steps that bore,  
At eve lies waste,  
A trampled paste  
Of blackening mud and gore.

## V.

Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,

And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance !  
Brave sons of France,  
For you our ring makes room ;  
Make space full wide  
For martial pride,  
For banner, spear, and plume.  
Approach, draw near,  
Proud cuirassier !  
Room for the men of steel !  
Through crest and plate  
The broadsword's weight  
Both head and heart shall feel.

## VI.

Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear !  
You feel us near  
In many a ghastly dream ;  
With fancy's eye .

Our forms you spy,  
And hear our fatal scream.  
With clearer sight  
Ere falls the night,  
Just when to weal or woe  
Your disembodied souls take flight  
On trembling wing—each startled sprite  
Our choir of death shall know.

## VII.

Wheel the wild dance  
While lightnings glance,  
And thunders rattle loud,  
And call the brave  
To bloody grave,  
To sleep without a shroud.  
Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,  
Redder rain shall soon be ours—  
See the east grows wan—  
Yield we place to sterner game,  
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame  
Shall the welkin's thunders shame;  
Elemental rage is tame  
To the wrath of man.

## VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe  
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,  
The legend heard him say;  
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,

Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,  
    Ere closed that bloody day—  
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—  
But often of the Dance of Death  
    His comrades tell the tale,  
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,  
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,  
    And dawn is glimmering pale.

## SAINT CLOUD.

[*Paris, 5th September, 1815.*]

---

SOFT spread the southern summer night  
Her veil of darksome blue ;  
Ten thousand stars combined to light  
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,  
Like breath of lover true,  
Bewailing the deserted pride  
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,  
The bugle wildly blew  
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,  
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade  
With broken urns withdrew,  
And silenced was that proud cascade,  
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,  
Nor could its silence<sup>1</sup> rue,  
When waked, to music of our own,  
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note  
Fall light as summer dew,  
While through the moonless<sup>2</sup> air they float,  
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet  
His waters never knew,  
Though music's self was wont to meet  
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,  
The circle round her drew,  
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear,  
Our songstress<sup>3</sup> at St. Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—  
Then give those hours their due,  
And rank among the foremost class  
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

<sup>1</sup> [MS.—“Absence.”]

<sup>2</sup> [MS.—“Midnight.”]

<sup>3</sup> [These lines were written after an evening spent at Saint Cloud with the late Lady Alvanley and her daughters, one of whom was the songstress alluded to in the text.]

## LINES,<sup>1</sup>

ADDRESSED TO

RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA.

---

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald;  
Worthy branch of old Clan Ranald !  
Staffa ! king of all kind fellows !  
Well befall thy hills and valleys,  
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows—  
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,  
Echoing the Atlantic thunder ;  
Mountains which the grey mist covers,  
Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,  
Pausing while his pinions quiver,  
Stretch'd to quit our land for ever !  
Each kind influence reign above thee !  
Warmer heart, 'twixt this and Staffa  
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa !

<sup>1</sup> [These lines were written in the Album, kept at the Sound of Ulva Inn, in the month of August, 1814.]

## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE,<sup>1</sup> THE CELEBRATED  
VENTRILOQUIST.

---

OF yore, in old England, it was not thought good  
To carry two visages under one hood ;  
What should folk say to *you*? who have faces  
such plenty,  
That from under one hood, you last night show'd  
us twenty !  
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,  
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?

<sup>1</sup> [“ *When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, was in Scotland, in 1824, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter felt a good deal embarrassed, as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer ; but at length, resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and, on returning, presented him with this epigram. The reader need hardly be reminded, that Sir Walter Scott held the office of Sheriff of the county of Selkirk.*” — Scotch Newspaper, 1830.]



Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?  
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?  
Each live thing, did I ask?—each dead implement,  
    too,  
A work-shop in your person,—saw, chisel, and  
    screw!  
Above all, are you one individual? I know  
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.  
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a  
    mob,  
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job;  
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,  
Must read you the Riot-Act, and bid you disperse.

ABBOTSFORD, 23d April.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The lines, with this date, appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register, of 1824.]

## VERSES,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR,

*"God save the Emperor Francis,"*

AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN  
BY THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE

GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA,

AND HIS SUITE, 19th DECEMBER, 1816.

---

GOD protect brave ALEXANDER,  
Heaven defend the noble Czar,  
Mighty Russia's high Commander,  
First in Europe's banded war;  
For the realms he did deliver  
From the tyrant overthrown,  
Thou, of every good the Giver,  
Grant him long to bless his own!  
Bless him, 'mid his land's disaster,  
For her rights who battled brave,  
Of the land of foemen master,

Bless him who their wrongs forgave.  
 O'er his just resentment victor,  
 Victor over Europe's foes,  
 Late and long supreme director,  
 Grant in peace his reign may close.  
 Hail! then, hail! illustrious Stranger!  
 Welcome to our mountain strand;  
 Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,  
 Link us with thy native land.  
 Freeman's force, or false beguiling,  
 Shall that union ne'er divide,  
 Hand in hand while peace is smiling,  
 And in battle side by side.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Mr., afterwards Sir William Arbuthnot, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who had the honor to entertain the Grand-Duke, now Emperor of Russia, was a personal friend of Sir Walter Scott's; and these *Verses*, with their heading, are now given from the newspapers of 1816.]

## FROM THE FRENCH.<sup>1</sup>

---

It chanced that Cupid on a season,  
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,  
But could not settle whether Reason  
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,  
’Twas bad example for a deity—  
He takes me Reason for a wife,  
And Folly for his hours of gayety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,  
He loved them both in equal measure;  
Fidelity was born of Reason,  
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

<sup>1</sup> [This trifle is from the French collection, found at Waterloo.—See Paul’s Letters.]

## EPITAPH ON MRS. ERSKINE.<sup>1</sup>

[1819.]

---

PLAIN, as her native dignity of mind,  
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd ;  
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,  
Emblem of lovely form, and candid soul.—  
But, oh ! what symbol may avail, to tell  
The kindness, wit, and sense we loved so well !  
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,  
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife !  
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,  
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear !  
Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume  
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,  
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,  
And brief, alas ! as thy brief span below.

<sup>1</sup> [Mrs. Euphemia Robison, wife of William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kinnedder,) died September, 1819, and was buried at Saline in the county of Fife, where these lines are inscribed on the tombstone.]

## INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT.<sup>1</sup>

---

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale  
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.  
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,  
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.  
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,  
With opening talents and a generous heart,  
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?  
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.  
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,  
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was  
fought.

<sup>1</sup> [This young gentleman, a son of the Author's friend and relation, Hugh Scott of Harden, Esq., became Rector of Kentisbeare, in Devonshire, in 1828, and died there the 9th June, 1830. This epitaph appears on his tomb in the chancel there.]

## PHAROS LOQUITUR.\*

---

FAR in the bosom of the deep,  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep ;  
A ruddy gem of changeful light,  
Bound on the dusky brow of night,  
The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

\* [" On the 30th of July, 1814, Mr Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> Mr Erskine<sup>2</sup>, and Mr Duff,<sup>3</sup> Commissioners, along with Mr (now Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, visited the Lighthouse ; the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of inspection, noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when Sir Walter, at the entreaty of the party, upon inscribing his name in the Album, added these interesting lines."—*STEVENSON'S Account of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse.* 1824.]

<sup>1</sup> The late Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, long Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshire, and afterwards one of the Principal Clerks of Session in Scotland—died in 1831.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lord Kinnedder.

<sup>3</sup> Adam Duff, Esq., Sheriff-Depute of the county of Edinburgh.

## THE POACHER.

---

WELCOME, grave Stranger, to our green retreats,  
Where health with exercise and freedom meets !  
Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan  
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man ;  
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,  
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls :  
O'er court, o'er customhouse, his shoe who flings,  
Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.  
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind  
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind ;  
Thine eye, applausive, each sly vermin sees,  
That baulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese ;  
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,  
Our bucksinn'd justices expound the law,  
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,  
And for the netted partridge noose the swain ;  
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke  
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,



To give the denizens of wood and wild,  
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.  
Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's  
race,

Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chase,  
And long'd to send them forth as free as when  
Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,  
When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,  
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind !  
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismay'd  
On every covey fired a bold brigade :  
*La Douce Humanité* approved the sport,  
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt.  
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,  
And Seine re-echo'd *Vive la Liberté !*  
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,  
With some few added links resumes his chain.  
Then since such scenes to France no more are  
known,  
Come, view with me a hero of thine own !  
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause  
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak  
o'ertops  
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,  
Leaving between deserted isles of land,  
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand ;  
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,  
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.

Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,  
Our scarce mark'd path descends yon dingle  
deep :

Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—  
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.  
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,  
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,  
We reach the frail yet barricaded door  
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor ;  
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,  
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves ;  
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,  
Rise in the progress of one night and day,  
(Though placed where still the Conqueror's hests  
o'erawe,  
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law,)  
The builder claims the unenviable boon,  
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon  
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore  
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.<sup>1</sup>

Approach, and through the unlatticed window  
peep—  
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep ;

<sup>1</sup> Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."

[ "To the bleak coast of *savage* Labrador."—FALCONER.]

Sunk 'mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun  
Stoop to the west the plunderer's toils are done.  
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate  
hand,

Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,  
While round the hut are in disorder laid  
The tools and booty of his lawless trade ;  
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,  
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.  
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,  
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—  
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,  
That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.)  
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,  
Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of  
hare,

Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.  
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,  
Yon cask holds moonlight,<sup>1</sup> run when moon was  
none ;  
And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,  
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest :  
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast !  
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,  
And his dilated nostril toils in vain ;  
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,  
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.

<sup>1</sup> A cant term for smuggled spirits.

Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth stretch'd,  
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,  
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loath,  
Sounds of dire import—watchword, threat, and  
oath.

Though, stupefied by toil, and drugg'd with gin,  
The body sleep, the restless guest within  
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,  
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

“ Was that wild start of terror and despair,  
Those bursting eyeballs, and that wilder'd air,  
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare ?  
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,  
For grouse or partridge massacred in March ? ”—

No, scoffer, no ! Attend, and mark with awe,  
There is no wicket in the gate of law !  
He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar  
That awful portal, must undo each bar ;  
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,  
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier  
wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,  
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black  
Ned,  
Was Edward Mansell once ;—the lightest heart,  
That ever play'd on holyday his part !  
The leader he in every Christmas game,

The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,  
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,  
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.  
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong;  
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;  
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,  
“’Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o’er,  
Himself had done the same some thirty years  
before.”

But he whose humours spurn law’s awful yoke,  
Must herd with those by whom law’s bonds are  
broke,

The common dread of justice soon allies  
The clown, who robs the warren, or excise,  
With sterner felons train’d to act more dread,  
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.  
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,  
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—  
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives  
draw,

Their hope impunity, their fear the law;  
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the  
same,

Till the revenue baulk’d, or pilfer’d game,  
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads  
To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl’d the wind the forest glades along,  
And oft the owl renew’d her dismal song;

Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,  
Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.  
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,  
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook  
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook !  
The wading moon, with storm-presaging gleam,  
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam ;  
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them  
    high,  
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—  
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the brushwood  
    sere,  
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the  
    deer :  
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—  
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.  
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their  
    strife,  
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife.  
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—  
The rest his waking agony may tell !

## THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

---

PERCY or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate ; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar ; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Cros-sar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas : — \*

UP rose the sun, o'er moor and mead ;  
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede ;  
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,  
Career'd along the lea ;  
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,  
As if to match the gamesome hound ;  
His horn the gallant huntsman wound :  
They were a jovial three !

\* These verses originally appeared in the *Gem* for 1829, (an annual edited for several years by Thomas Hood,) and there accompany an engraving from Cooper's picture. We owe them, however, to a very well edited collection of Scott's poetry in a single volume, published in Philadelphia, 1854. A ballad on the *Death of Percy Reed* is printed in Richardson's *Borderer's Table-Book*, ii. 364, and has been repeated in several other collections.

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,  
To wake the wild deer never came,  
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game,  
    On Cheviot's rueful day ;  
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,  
Than Tarras, ne'er was stauncher steed,  
A peerless archer, Percy Rede :  
    And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,  
Together at the dawn they rose,  
Together shared the noon's repose,  
    By fountain or by stream ;  
And oft, when evening skies were red,  
The heather was their common bed,  
Where each, as wildering fancy led,  
    Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,  
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,  
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,  
    The signs the hunters know ;—  
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,  
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears ;  
The restless palfrey paws and rears ;  
    The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot !—Halloo ! Halloo !  
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue ;—  
But woe the shaft that erring flew—  
    That e'er it left the string !



And ill betide the faithless yew !  
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,  
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true  
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,  
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,  
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,  
Without a groan or quiver.

Now day may break and bugle sound,  
And whoop and hollow ring around,  
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,  
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,  
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,  
He knows not that his comrade dies,  
Nor what is death—but still  
His aspect hath expression drear  
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,  
Like startled children when they hear  
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,  
Can well the sum of evil know,  
And o'er his favourite, bending low,  
In speechless grief recline ;  
Can think he hears the senseless clay,  
In unreproachful accents say,  
“ The hand that took my life away,  
Dear master, was it thine ?

“And if it be, the shaft be bless’d,  
Which sure some erring aim address’d,  
Since in your service prized, caress’d  
    I in your service die ;  
And you may have a fleeter hound,  
To match the dun-deer’s merry bound,  
But by your couch will ne’er be found  
    So true a guard as I.”

• And to his last stout Percy rued  
The fatal chance, for when he stood  
’Gainst fearful odds in’ deadly feud,  
    And fell amid the fray,  
E’en with his dying voice he cried,  
“ Had Keeldar but been at my side,  
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—  
    I had not died to-day ! ”

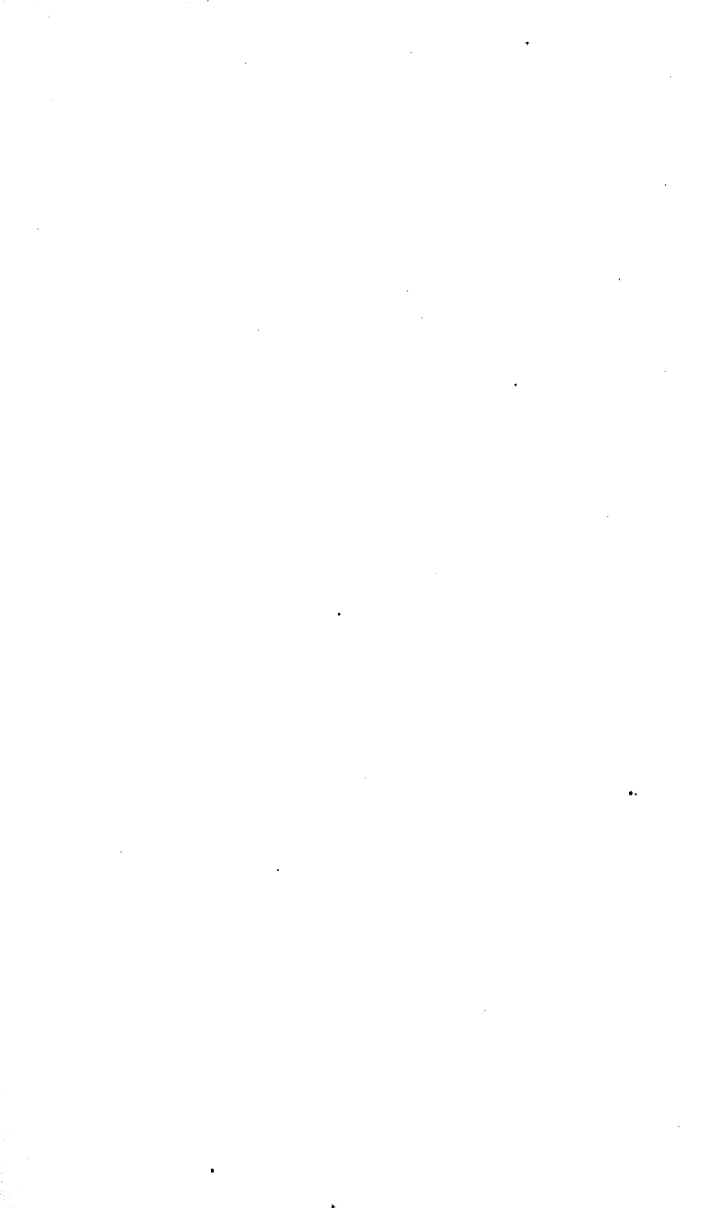
Remembrance of the erring bow  
Long since had join’d the tides which flow,  
Conveying human bliss and woe  
    Down dark oblivion’s river ;  
But Art can Time’s stern doom arrest,  
And snatch his spoil from Lethe’s breast,  
And, in her Cooper’s colours drest,  
    The scene shall live forever.

POEMS PRINTED IN LOCKHART'S  
BIOGRAPHY.\*

\* Except one or two which have been received into the  
collective editions.

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## JUVENILE LINES.

FROM VIRGIL.

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“The autobiography tells us that his translations in verse from Horace and Virgil were often approved by Dr. Adam. One of these little pieces, written in a weak boyish scrawl, within pencilled marks still visible, had been carefully preserved by his mother; it was found folded up in a cover, inscribed by the old lady—“*My Walter’s first lines*, 1782.”—LOCKHART, *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 129.

IN awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,  
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky  
Black clouds of smoke, which still as they aspire,  
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing  
fire;

At other times huge balls of fire are toss’d,  
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost;  
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,  
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne  
With loud explosions to the starry skies,  
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,  
Then back again with greater weight recoils,  
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.

1782.—ÆTAT. 11.

## ON A THUNDER-STORM.

---

“In Scott’s Introduction to the Lay, he alludes to an original effusion of these ‘schoolboy days,’ prompted by a thunder-storm, which he says ‘was much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up in the shape of an apothecary’s blue-buskined wife; she affirmed that my most sweet poetry was copied from an old magazine.’”—*Life of Scott*, i. 131.

LOUD o’er my head though awful thunders roll,  
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
Yet ’tis thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,  
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky.  
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,  
And harden’d sinners thy just vengeance fear.

1783.—ÆTAT. 12.

## ON THE SETTING SUN.

---

These lines, as well as the foregoing, were found wrapped in a paper with the inscription, by Dr. Adam,—“Walter Scott, July, 1783.”—*Life of Scott*, i. 131.

THOSE evening clouds, that setting ray,  
And beauteous tints, serve to display  
    Their great Creator's praise ;  
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,  
Whose life's comprised within a span,  
    To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,  
    And tints so gay and bold,  
But seldom think upon our God,  
    Who tinged these clouds with gold.

## THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

---

*(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snuff.)—Life of Scott, i. 378.*

O, WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so  
wild ?

It is the fond father embracing his child ;  
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,  
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

“ O father, see yonder ! see yonder ! ” he says ;

“ My boy, upon what doest thou fearfully gaze ? ” —

“ O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his  
shroud ” —

“ No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the  
cloud.”

*( The Erl-King speaks.)*

“ O come and go with me, thou loveliest child ;  
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled ;



My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,  
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my  
boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear  
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—

"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at  
ease;

It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the  
trees."

*Erl-King.*

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?  
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with  
joy;

She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro'  
wild,

And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my  
child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,  
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the  
rain?"—

"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;  
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon."

*Erl-King.*

"O come and go with me, no longer delay,  
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—

“O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,  
The Erl-King has seized me, his grasp is so  
cold!”

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the  
wild,

Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;  
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,  
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was *dead!*

## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

---

A fragment written at Bothwell Castle, in the autumn of 1799.—*Life of Scott*, ii. 28.

WHEN fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers  
Are mellowing in the noon ;  
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers  
The sultry breath of June ;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,  
Must leave his channel dry ;  
And vainly o'er the limpid flood  
The angler guides his fly ;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes  
A wanderer thou hast been,  
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze  
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild  
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,  
Where Bothwell's towers, in ruin piled,  
O'erlook the verdant glade ;

And many a tale of love and fear  
Hath mingled with the scene—

Of Bothwell's banks that bloom'd so dear,  
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

O, if with rugged minstrel lays  
Unsated be thy ear,  
And thou of deeds of other days  
Another tale wilt hear.—

Then all beneath the spreading beach,  
Flung careless on the lea,  
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach  
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,  
He blew his bugle round,  
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood  
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,  
Was waving far and wide,  
And from the lofty turret flung  
Its crimson blaze on Clyde ;

And rising at the bugle blast  
That mark'd the Scottish foe,  
Old England's yeomen muster'd fast,  
And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,  
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he—  
While—— . . . . .

## THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

---

“Another imperfect ballad, in which he had meant to blend together two legends familiar to every reader of Scottish history and romance, has been found in the same portfolio, and the handwriting proves it to be of the same early date.”—*Life of Scott*, ii. 30.

\* \* \* \* \*

AND ne'er but once, my son, he says,  
Was yon sad cavern trod,  
In persecution's iron days,  
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red,  
A wanderer hither drew,  
And oft he stopt and turn'd his head,  
As by fits the night wind blew ;

For trampling round by Cheviot edge  
Were heard the troopers keen,  
And frequent from the Whitelaw ridge  
The death-shot flash'd between.

•

The moonbeams through the misty shower  
On yon dark cavern fell;  
Through the cloudy night the snow gleam'd white,  
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

"Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,  
And cold its jaws of snow;  
But more rough and rude are the men of blood,  
That hunt my life below!

"Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell,  
Was hewn by demon's hands;  
But I had lourd<sup>1</sup> melle with the fiends of hell,  
Than with Clavers and his band."

He heard the deep-mouth'd bloodhound bark,  
He heard the horses neigh,  
He plunged him in the cavern dark,  
And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path  
Came the cry of faulting hound,  
And the mutter'd oath of baulked wrath  
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,  
And held his breath for fear;  
He rose and bitter cursed his foes,  
As the sounds died on his ear.

<sup>1</sup> *Lourd*; i. e. *liefer*—rather.

“O bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,  
For Scotland's wandering band ;  
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,  
And sweep him from the land !

“Forget not thou thy people's groans  
From dark Dunnotter's tower,  
Mix'd with the seafowl's shrilly moans,  
And Ocean's bursting roar !

“O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,  
Even in his mightiest day,  
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,  
O stretch him on the clay !

“His widow and his little ones,  
O may their tower of trust  
Remove its strong foundation stones  
And crush them in the dust !”—

“Sweet prayers to me,” a voice replied,  
“Thrice welcome, guest of mine !”  
And glimmering on the cavern side,  
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man, in amice brown,  
Stood by the wanderer's side,  
By powerful charm, a dead man's arm  
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd upright,  
Arose a ghastly flame,  
That waved not in the blast of night  
Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue,  
That flamed the cavern o'er,  
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue  
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,  
As heavy, pale, and cold—  
"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,  
If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear  
Thy recreant sinews know,  
The mountain erne thy heart shall tear,  
Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undismay'd ;  
"My soul, by dangers steel'd,  
Is stubborn as my border blade,  
Which never knew to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the hour  
Of vengeance on my foes,  
Theirs be the fate, from bridge and gate,  
To feed the hooded crows."



The Brownie look'd him in the face,  
And his colour fled with speed—  
“I fear me,” quoth he, “uneath it will be  
To match thy word and deed.

“In ancient days when English bands  
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,  
The sword and shield of Scottish land  
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

“A warlock loved the warrior well,  
Sir Michael Scott by name,  
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,  
Should the Southern foemen tame.

“‘Look thou,’ he said, ‘from Cessford head,  
As the July sun sinks low,  
And when glimmering white on Cheviot’s height  
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,  
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy  
feet  
The haughty Saxon foe.’

“For many a year wrought the wizard here,  
In Cheviot’s bosom low,  
Till the spell was complete, and in July’s heat  
Appear’d December’s snow;  
But Cessford’s Halbert never came  
The wondrous cause to know.

“For years before in Bowden aisle  
The warrior’s bones had lain,  
And after short while, by female guile,  
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

“But me and my brethren in this cell  
His mighty charms retain,—  
And he that can quell the powerful spell  
Shall o’er broad Scotland reign.”

He led him through an iron door  
And up a winding stair,  
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze  
On the sight which open’d there.

Through the gloomy night flash’d ruddy light,—  
A thousand torches glow ;  
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,  
O’er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall,  
Stood a steed in barbing bright ;  
At the foot of each steed, all arm’d save the head,  
Lay stretch’d a stalwart knight.

In each mail’d hand was a naked brand ;  
As they lay on the black bull’s hide,  
Each visage stern did upwards turn,  
With eyeballs fix’d and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells long,  
By every warrior hung ;  
At each pommel there, for battle yare,  
A jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier ;  
The plumes waved mournfully  
At every tread which the wanderer made  
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam  
That glared the warriors on,  
Reflected light from armour bright,  
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,  
Still lengthening on the sight,  
Through the boundless hall stood steeds in stall,  
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,  
And moved nor limb nor tongue ;  
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast cliff,  
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious hall  
The deadly still divide,  
Save where echoes from the vaulted roof  
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,  
On an iron column borne,  
Of antique shape, and giant size,  
Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his leader,  
"Thy venturous fortune try :  
Thy woe and weal, thy boot and bale,  
In yon brand and bugle lie."

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,  
But his soul did quiver and quail ;  
The life-blood did start to his shuddering heart,  
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he took  
To 'say a gentle sound ;  
But so wild a blast from the bugle brast  
That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,  
The awful bugle wrung ;  
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick withal,  
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,  
The steeds did stamp and neigh ;  
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell  
Sterte up with hoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou caitiff coward,  
That ever thou wert born!  
Why drew ye not the knightly sword  
Before ye blew the horn?"

The morning on the mountain shone,  
And on the bloody ground,  
Hurl'd from the cave with shiver'd bone,  
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread,  
Among the glidders grey,  
A shapeless stone with lichens spread  
Marks where the wanderer lay."<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

1799.

<sup>1</sup>"The reader may be interested by comparing with this ballad the author's prose version of part of its legend, as given in one of the last works of his pen. He says, in the *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, 1830: 'Thomas of Ercildowne, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time, to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon hills, called the Lucken-hare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the deepest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. All these men, said the

U O P N

wizard in a whisper, will awaken at the battle of Sheriff-muir. At the extremity of this extraordinary depot hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the horn and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the men arose and clashed their armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

‘ Woe to the coward that ever he was born,  
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.’

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from this legend, namely, that it is better to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance.’ ”

## CHEVIOT.

*Life of Scott, ii. 39.*

---

\* \* \* \* \*

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,  
And pensive mark the lingering snow  
In all his scaurs abide,  
And slow dissolving from the hill  
In many a sightless, soundless rill,  
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,  
As wimpling to the eastern sea  
She seeks Till's sullen bed,  
Indenting deep the fatal plain,  
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,  
Around their monarch bled.

.

And westward hills on hills you see,  
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea  
Heaves high her waves of foam,  
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold  
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,  
Earth's mountain billows come.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE REIVER'S WEDDING.

---

"*The Reiver's Wedding*," never was completed, but I have found two copies of its commencement, and I shall make no apologies for inserting here what seems to have been the second one. It will be seen that he had meant to mingle with Sir William's capture Auld Wat's Foray of the Bassened Bull and the Feast of Spurs, and that, I know not for what reason, Lochwood, the ancient fortress of the Johnstones in Annandale, has been substituted for the real locality of his ancestor's drumhead Wedding Contract."—*Life of Scott*, ii. 94.

O WILL ye hear a mirthful bourd ?

Or will ye hear of courtesie ?

Or will hear how a gallant lord

Was wedded to a gay ladye ?

"Ca' out the hye," quo' the village herd,

As he stood on the knowe,

"Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's ten,

And bauld Lord William's cow."—

"Ah ! by my sooth," quoth William then,

"And stands it that way now,

When knave and churl have nine and ten,

That the Lord has but his cow ?



“I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon,  
And the might of Mary high,  
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,  
They shall soon say Harden's kye.”

He took a bugle frae his side,  
With names carved o'er and o'er—  
Full many a chief of meickle pride  
That border bugle bore—<sup>1</sup>

He blew a note baith sharp and hie,  
Till rock and water rang around—  
Three-score of moss-troopers and three  
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd then,  
And ere she wan the full,  
Ye might see by her light in Harden glen  
A bow o' kye and a bassen'd bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower  
The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle glee;  
For the English beef was brought in bower,  
And the English ale flow'd merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviotside  
And Yarrow's Braes was there;  
Was never a lord in Scotland wide  
That made more dainty fare.

<sup>1</sup> This celebrated horn is still in the possession of the chief of the Harden family, Lord Polwarth.

They ate, they laugh'd, they sang and quaff'd,  
Till nought on board was seen,  
When knight and squire were boune to dine,  
But a spur of silver sheen.

Lord William has ta'en his berry brown steed—  
A sore shent man was he ;  
“ Wait ye, my guests, a little speed—  
Weel feasted ye shall be.”

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,  
His cousin dear to see,  
With him to take a riding turn—  
Wat-draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falsehope glen,  
Beneath the trysting-tree,  
On the smooth green was carved plain,  
“ To Lochwood bound are we.”<sup>1</sup>

“ O if they be gane to dark Lochwood  
To drive the Warden's gear,  
Betwixt our names, I ween, there's feud ;  
I'll go and have my share :

<sup>1</sup> “ At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *Tryst*, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken.”  
—*Introduction to the Minstrelsy*, p. 185.

“For little reck I for Johnstone’s feud,  
The Warden though he be.”  
So Lord William is away to dark Lochwood,  
With riders barely three.

The Warden’s daughters in Lochwood sate,  
Were all both fair and gay,  
All save the Lady Margaret,  
And she was wan and wae.

The sister, Jean, had a full fair skin,  
And Grace was bauld and braw ;  
But the leal-fast heart her breast within  
It weel was worth them a’.

Her father’s pranked her sisters twa  
With meikle joy and pride ;  
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennan’s wa’—  
She ne’er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent  
Her sisters’ scarfs were borne,  
But never at tilt or tournament  
Were Margaret’s colours worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,  
But she was left at hame  
To wander round the gloomy tower,  
And sigh young Harden’s name.

“Of all the knights, the knight most fair,  
From Yarrow to the Tyne,”  
Soft sigh’d the maid, “is Harden’s heir,  
But ne’er can he be mine ;

“Of all the maids, the foulest maid  
From Teviot to the Dee,  
Ah !” sighing sad, that lady said,  
“Can ne’er young Harden’s be.”—

She looked up the briery glen,  
And up the mossy brae,  
And she saw a score of her father’s men  
Yclad in the Johnstone grey.

O fast and fast they downwards sped  
The moss and briers among,  
And in the midst the troopers led  
A shackled knight along.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE.

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Air—*Currickfergus*.

“The impeachment of Lord Melville was among the first measures of the new (Whig) Government; and personal affection and gratitude graced as well as heightened the zeal with which Scott watched the issue of this, in his eyes, vindictive proceeding; but, though the ex-minister’s ultimate acquittal was, as to all the charges involving his personal honour, complete, it must now be allowed that the investigation brought out many circumstances by no means creditable to his discretion; and the rejoicings of his friends ought not, therefore, to have been scornfully jubilant. Such they were, however—at least in Edinburgh; and Scott took his share in them by inditing a song, which was sung by James Ballantyne, and received with clamorous applauses, at a public dinner given in honour of the event, on the 27th of June, 1806.”—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 322.

SINCE here we are set in array round the table,  
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,  
Come listen, brave boys, and I’ll sing as I’m able  
How innocence triumph’d and pride got a fall.

But push round the claret—  
Come, stewards, don't spare it—  
With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I give;  
Here, boys,  
Off with it merrily—  
Melville for ever, and long may he live!

What were the Whigs doing, when boldly pur-  
suing,  
Pitt banished Rebellion, gave Treason a string;  
Why, they swore on their honour, for Arthur  
O'Connor,  
And fought hard for Despard against country and  
king.  
Well, then, we knew, boys,  
Pitt and Melville were true boys,  
And the tempest was raised by the friends of Re-  
form.  
Ah! woe!  
Weep to his memory;  
Low lies the pilot that weather'd the storm!

And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first  
were raising,  
And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er  
our heads?  
When villains and coxcombs, French politics  
praising,  
Drove peace from our tables and sleep from  
our beds?

Our hearts they grew bolder  
When, musket on shoulder,  
Stepp'd forth our old Statesmen example to give.  
Come, boys, never fear,  
Drink the Blue grenadier—  
Here's to old Harry, and long may he live

They would turn us adrift, though rely, sir, upon it,  
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that  
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet  
Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.  
We laugh at their taunting,  
For all we are wanting  
Is license our life for our country to give.  
Off with it merrily,  
Horse, foot, and artillery,  
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live !

'Tis not us alone, boys—the Army and Navy  
Have each got a slap 'mid their politic pranks ;  
Cornwallis cashier'd, that watch'd winters to save  
ye,  
And the Cape call'd a bauble unworthy of  
thanks.  
But vain is their taunt,  
No soldier shall want  
The thanks that his country to valour can give :  
Come, boys,  
Drink it off merrily,—  
Sir David and Popham, and long may they live !

And then our revenue—Lord knows how they  
view'd it,

While each petty statesman talk'd lofty and  
big ;

But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread had  
brew'd it,

And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.

In vain is their vaunting,

Too surely there's wanting

What judgment, experience, and steadiness  
give :

Come, boys,

Drink about merrily,—

Health to sage Melville, and long may he live !

Our King, too—our Princess—I dare not say  
more sir,—

May Providence watch them with mercy and  
might !

While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a  
claymore, sir,

They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for  
their right.

Be damn'd he that dare not,—

For my part, I'll spare not

To beauty afflicted a tribute to give :

Fill it up steadily,

Drink it off readily—

Here's to the Princess, and long may she live !



And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,  
And make her brown visage as light as her  
heart;<sup>1</sup>

Till each man illumine his own upper story,  
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.  
In Grenville and Spencer,  
And some few good men, sir,  
High talents we honour, slight difference forgive ;  
But the Brewer we'll hoax,  
Tallyho to the Fox,  
And drink Melville for ever, as long as we live !”

1806.

<sup>1</sup> The Magistrates of Edinburgh had rejected an application for illumination of the town, on the arrival of the news of Lord Melville's acquittal.

## THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

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“I am not able to give the exact date of the following reply to one of John Ballantyne’s expostulations on the subject of *the secret*.”—*Life*, vol. iv. p. 179.

“No, John, I will not own the book—

I won’t, you Piccaroon.

When next I try St. Grubby’s brook,

The A. of Wa— shall bait the hook—

And flat-fish bite as soon,

As if before them they had got

The worn-out wriggler

WALTER SCOTT.”

## LETTER IN VERSE,

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN  
LIGHTS.

---

“Of the letters which Scott wrote to his friends during those happy six weeks, I have recovered only one, and it is, thanks to the leisure of the yacht, in verse. The strong and easy heroics of the first section prove, I think, that Mr. Canning did not err when he told him that if he chose he might emulate even Dryden’s command of that noble measure; and the dancing anapæsts of the second, show that he could with equal facility have rivalled the gay graces of Cotton, Anstey, or Moore.”—*Lockhart, Life*, vol. iv. p. 372.

---

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, &c. &c. &c.

Lighthouse Yacht, in the Sound of Lerwick,  
Zetland, 8th August, 1814.

HEALTH to the chieftain from his clansman  
true!

From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch!  
Health from the isles, where dewy Morning  
weaves

Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight leaves ;  
Where late the sun scarce vanish'd from the sight,  
And his bright pathway graced the short-lived  
night,

Though darker now as autumn's shades extend,  
The north winds whistle and the mists ascend !  
Health from the land where eddying whirlwinds  
toss

The storm-rock'd *cradle* of the Cape of Noss !  
On outstretch'd cords the giddy engine slides,  
His own strong arm the bold adventurer guides,  
And he that lists such desperate feat to try,  
May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt earth and sky,  
And feel the mid-air gales around him blow,  
And see the billows rage five hundred feet below.

Heré, by each stormy peak and desert shore,  
The hardy islesman tugs the daring oar,  
Practised alike his venturous course to keep,  
Through the white breakers or the pathless deep,  
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain  
A wretched pittance from the niggard main.  
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,  
What comfort greets him, and what hut receives ?  
Lady ! the worst your presence ere has cheer'd  
(When want and sorrow fled as you appear'd)  
Were to a Zetlander as the high dome  
Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble home.  
Here rise no groves, and here no gardens blow,  
Here even the hardy heath scares dare to grow ;

But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm array'd,  
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,  
With many a cavern seam'd, the dreary haunt  
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.  
Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent cry  
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,  
And from their sable base, with sullen sound,  
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain  
From those whose land has known oppression's  
chain ;

For here the industrious Dutchman comes once  
more

To moor his fishing craft by Bressey's shore ;  
Greets every former mate and brother tar,  
Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the rage of war,  
Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage done,  
And ends by blessing God and Wellington.  
Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer guest,  
Claims a brief hour of riot, not of rest ;  
Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,  
And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous  
mirth.

A sadder sight on yon poor vessel's prow  
The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,  
And eyes the flags of Britain as they flow.  
Hard fate of war, which bade her terrors sway  
His destined course, and seize so mean a prey ;  
A bark with planks so warp'd and seams so riven,

She scarce might face the gentlest airs of heaven:  
Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none  
Can list his speech, and understand his moan;  
In vain—no islesman now can use the tongue  
Of the bold Norse, from whom their lineage  
sprung.

Not thus of old the Norsemen hither came,  
Won by the love of danger or of fame;  
On every storm-beat cape a shapeless tower  
Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their  
power;

For ne'er for Grecia's vales, nor Latain land,  
Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand;  
A race severe—the isle and ocean lords  
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;  
With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,  
And blest their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,  
And still the eye may faint resemblance trace  
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,  
The limbs athletic, and the long light hair—  
(Such was the mien, as Scald and Minstrel sings,  
Of fair-hair'd Harold, first of Norway's Kings;)  
But their high deeds to scale these crags con-  
fined,  
Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castled coast?  
Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh Rost?

May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,  
Penn'd while my comrades whirl the rattling  
dice—

While down the cabin skylight lessening shine  
The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine?  
Imagined, while down Mousa's desert bay  
Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her nimble way,  
While to the freshening breeze she lean'd her  
side,  
And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide?

Such are the lays that Zetland isles supply;  
Drench'd with the drizzly spray and dropping  
sky,  
Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I.—

*W. Scott.*

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POSTSCRIPTUM.

Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commission'd a  
Kraken,  
You will please be inform'd that they seldom are  
taken;  
It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,  
Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway  
bay;  
He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,  
But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,

Though bold in the seas of the North to assail  
The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and  
whale.

If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is  
not,

You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott—  
(He's not from our clan, though his merits de-  
serve it,

But springs, I'm inform'd, from the Scotts of  
Scotstarvet;) <sup>1</sup>

He question'd the folks who beheld it with eyes,  
But they differ'd confoundedly as to its size.

For instance, the modest and diffident swore  
That it seem'd like the keel of a ship, and no  
more—

Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more  
high,

Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky—

But all of the hulk had a steady opinion

That 'twas sure a *live* subject of Neptune's domin-  
ion—

And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly  
would wish,

To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish.

Had your order related to night-caps or hose,

Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those.

<sup>1</sup> The Scotts of Scotstarvet, and other families of the name in Fife and elsewhere, claim no kindred with the great clan of the Border—and their armorial bearings are different.



Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale ?  
And direct me to send it—by sea or by mail ?  
The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still  
I could get you one fit for the lake at Bowhill.  
Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be  
thrifty,  
Since one day last fortnight two hundred and  
fifty,  
Pursued by seven Orkneymen's boats and no  
more,  
Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were drawn on  
the shore !  
You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight ;  
I own that I did not, but easily might—  
For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay  
On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay,  
And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil,  
And *flinching*, (so term it,) the blubber to boil ;  
(Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection  
That awakes at the thought of this odorous dis-  
section.)  
To see this huge marvel full fain would we go,  
But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no.  
We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must  
stare  
When I think that in verse I have once call'd it  
*fair* ;  
'Tis a base little borough, both dirty and mean—  
There's nothing to hear, and there's nought to be  
seen,

Save a church, where, of old times, a prelate  
harangued,

And a palace that's built by an earl that was  
hang'd.

But, farewell to Kirkwall—aboard we are going,  
The anchor's a-peak, and the breezes are blowing ;

Our commodore calls all his band to their places,  
And 'tis time to release you—good night to your  
Graces !

## NOTE

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DRUMLANRIG  
CASTLE.

*Life of Scott*, v. 235.

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Sanquhar, 2 o'clock, July 30, 1817.

FROM Ross, where the clouds on Benlomond are  
sleeping—

From Greenock, where Clyde to the Ocean is  
sweeping—

From Largs, where the Scotch gave the North-  
men a drilling—

From Ardrossan, whose harbour cost many a  
shilling—

From old Cumnock, where beds are as hard as a  
plank, sir—

From a chop and green pease, and a chicken in  
Sanquhar,

This eve, please the fates, at Drumlarnrig we  
anchor.

W. S.

## LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

*Life of Scott*, vii. 391.

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“The rapid accumulation of books and MSS., [while Scott was engaged on the *Life of Napoleon*,] was at once flattering and alarming; and one of his notes to me, about the middle of June, had these rhymes by way of postscript:—

WHEN with Poetry dealing,  
Room enough in a shieling:  
Neither cabin nor hovel  
Too small for a novel:  
Though my back I should rub  
On Diogenes' tub,  
How my fancy could prance  
In a dance of romance!  
But my house I must swap  
With some Brobdignag chap,  
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Emperor  
Nap.”

1825.

## DOGGEREL,

ON LEAVING MRS. BROWN'S LODGINGS.

July 13, 1826.

---

So, good-bye! Mrs. Brown,  
I am going out of town,  
Over dale, over down,  
Where bugs bite not,  
Where lodgers fight not,  
Where below you chairmen drink not,  
Where beside you gutters stink not,  
But all is fresh and clear and gay,  
And merry lambkins sport and play,  
And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay,  
Which looks as if it had been sown only the  
other day,  
And where oats are at twenty-five shillings a boll,  
they say,  
But all's one for that, since I must and will away.

*Life of Scott*, viii. 380.

## LINES TO SIR CUTHBERT SHARP.

*Life of Scott, ix. 165.*

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“Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who had been particularly kind and attentive to Scott when at Sunderland, happened, in writing to him on some matter of business, to say he hoped he had not forgotten his friends in that quarter. Sir Walter’s answer to Sir Cuthbert (who had been introduced to him by his old and dear friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth,) begins thus : —

FORGET thee! No! my worthy fere!  
Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer!  
Death sooner stretch me on my bier!  
Forget thee? No.

Forget the universal shout  
When “canny Sunderland” spoke out—  
A truth which knaves affect to doubt—  
Forget thee? No.

Forget you? No—though now-a-day  
I’ve heard your knowing people say,  
Disown the debt you cannot pay,  
You’ll find it far the thriftiest way—  
But I?—O no.

Forget your kindness found for all room,  
In what, though large, seem'd still a small room,  
Forget my *Surtees* in a ball-room—

Forget you? No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,  
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,  
Forget my lovely friends the *Liddells*—

Forget you? No.

1827.

## LINES ON FORTUNE.

*Life of Scott, x. 37.*

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“Another object of this journey was to consult, on the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, a skilful mechanist, by name *Fortune*, about a contrivance for the support of the lame limb, which had of late given him much pain, as well as inconvenience. Mr. Fortune produced a clever piece of handiwork, and Sir Walter felt at first great relief from the use of it: inasmuch that his spirits rose to quite the old pitch, and his letter to me upon the occasion overflows with merry applications of sundry maxims and verses about *Fortune*. “*Fortes Fortuna adjuvat*”—he says—“never more sing I!”——

FORTUNE, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me ?  
And will my Fortune never better be ?  
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain ?  
And wilt thou ne’er return my joys again ?

No—let my ditty be henceforth—

Fortune, my friend, how well thou favourest me !  
A kinder Fortune man did never see !      [pain,  
Thou propp’st my thigh, thou ridd’st my knee of  
I’ll walk, I’ll mount—I’ll be a man again.—



LYRICAL PIECES, MOTTOES, ETC.

FROM THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS.



## FROM WAVERLEY.

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“The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous ‘History of Fryar Bacon,’ has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.”

(1.)

*To the tune of “I have been a Fiddler,” &c.*

AND did ye not hear of a mirth befell  
The morrow after a wedding day,  
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?  
And away to Tewin, away, away.

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made,  
’Tis pity old customs should ever decay;  
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,  
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees;  
We set them a-cockhorse, and made them play

The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,  
And away to Tewin, away, away !

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish  
That would go to the plough that day ;  
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,  
And away to Tewin, away, away !

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,  
The maidens did make the chamber full gay ;  
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,  
And I did carry't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,  
That he was persuaded that the ground look'd  
blue ;  
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,  
Such smiths as he there's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,  
And simpering said, they could eat no more ;  
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip,—  
I'll say no more, but give o'er, give o'er.

*Appendix to the General Preface, ch. v.*

---

(2.)

His tutor, or, I should say, Mr. Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse,

which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life, i. e., his being appointed captain in a regiment of dragoons.

LATE, when the autumn evening fell  
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,  
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,  
The purple cloud, the golden beam :  
Reflected in the crystal pool,  
Headland and bank lay fair and cool ;  
The weather-tinted rock and tower,  
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,  
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,  
As if there lay beneath the wave,  
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,  
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,  
And roused the Genius of the Lake !  
He heard the groaning of the oak,  
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,  
As warrior, at the battle cry,  
Invests him with his panoply :  
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,  
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest  
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,  
And bade his surge in thunder speak.  
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,  
Flitted that fond ideal world ;

And, to the shore in tumult tost,  
The realms in fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,  
I saw the spirit-stirring change  
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,  
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,  
And felt my heart more strongly bound,  
Responsive to the lofty sound,  
While, joying in the mighty roar,  
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth  
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,  
Bids each fair vision pass away,  
Like landscape on the lake that lay,  
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,  
As that which fled the autumn gale—  
For ever dead to fancy's eye  
Be each gay form that glided by,  
While dreams of love and lady's charms  
Give place to honour and to arms !

*Chap. v.*

---

(3.)

“ — The question'd party replied,—and, like the  
witch of Thalaba, ‘ still his speech was song.’ ”

THE Knight's to the mountain  
His bugle to wind ;

The lady's to greenwood  
Her garland to bind.  
The bower of Burd Ellen  
Has moss on the floor,  
That the step of Lord William  
Be silent and sure.

*Chap. ix.*

---

(4.)

“The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,”

HIE away, hie away,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Where the copsewood is the greenest,  
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,  
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,  
Where the morning dew lies longest,  
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,  
Where the fairy latest trips it :  
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,  
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,  
Over bank and over brae,  
Hie away, hie away.

*Chap. xii.*

---

(5.)

“The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry,

which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in *King Lear*; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,  
Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

"The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted."

ON Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,  
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;  
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,  
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,  
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,  
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,  
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,  
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair;  
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high  
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.



She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,  
 When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,  
 When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,  
 And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,  
 When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,  
 Questions three when he speaks the spell,  
 He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,  
 These three long years in battle and siege :  
 News are there none of his weal or his woe,  
 And fain the Lady his fate would know.

•  
 She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks ;—  
 Is it the moody owl that shrieks ?  
 Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,  
 The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream ?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,  
 And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow ;  
 The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,  
 When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form !

\* \* \* \* \*

*Chap. xiii.*

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(6.)

“The next day Edward arose betimes, and in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came

suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognized Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad."

YOUNG men will love thee more fair and more fast!

*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*

Old men's love the longest will last,

*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire;

*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*

But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,

*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

The young man will brawl at the evening board;

*Heard ye so merry the little bird sing?*

But the old man will draw at the dawning the  
sword,

*And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.*

*Chap. xiv.*

---

(7.) FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the  
vale,

But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the  
Gael.

A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,  
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every  
hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,  
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust ;  
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,  
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,  
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!  
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone.  
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are  
past,  
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;  
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,  
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the  
blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—  
In the blush of the dawning the *Standard* uprear!  
Wide, wide to the winds of the north let it fly,  
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is  
nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall  
break,  
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?

That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,  
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or  
die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,  
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and  
Sleat !

Combine like three streams from one mountain of  
snow,

And resistless in union rush down on the foe !

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,  
Place thy target on thy shoulder and burnish thy  
steel !

Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold  
swell,

Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell !

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,  
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the  
gale !

May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and  
free,

Remember Glenlivet, Harlaw, and Dundee !

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has  
given

Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,  
Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,  
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar !

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall  
display

The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray !

How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd  
Glencoe

Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe !

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,  
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More !  
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,  
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake !

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,  
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the  
lake !

'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call ;

'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the  
hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,  
When the banners are blazing on mountain and  
heath ;

They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,  
To the march and the muster, the line and the  
charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his  
ire !

May the blood through his veins flow like currents  
of fire !

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of  
yore !

Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more !

*Chap. xxii.*

“ As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them. He sipped a little water in the hollow of his hand, and immediately commenced with a theatrica air,”

O Lady of the Desert, hail !

That lovest the harping of the Gael,

Through fair and fertile regions borne,

Where never yet grew grass or corn.

*Chap. xxiii.*

---

(8.)

“ The letter from the Chief contained Flora’s lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I.; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan’s skill

and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach he terminated his short but glorious career."

The Verses were inscribed,

### TO AN OAK TREE,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF —, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649.

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,  
Full proudly may thy branches wave,  
Where loyalty lies low in death,  
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!  
Repine not if our clime deny,  
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,  
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;  
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,  
Before the winter storm decay—  
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for, 'mid storms of Fate opposing,  
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,  
And, while Despair the scene was closing,  
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,  
    (When England's sons the strife resign'd,)  
A rugged race resisting still,  
    And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,  
    No holy knell thy requiem rung ;  
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,  
    Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine  
    To waste life's longest term away,  
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,  
    Though darken'd ere its noontide day ?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs  
    Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom !  
Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,  
    As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb,

*Chap. xxix.*

---

(9.)

“ ‘ Who are dead ? ’ said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

“ Baron—and Baillie—and Sanders Sanderson—and Lady Rose, that sang sae sweet—A' dead and gane—dead and gane, (said Davie)—

But follow, follow me,  
While glow-worms light the lea,



I'll show ye where the dead should be—  
Each in his shroud,  
While winds pipe loud,  
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.

Follow, follow me :  
Brave should he be  
That treads by the night the dead man's lea."

*Chap. lxiii.*

## FROM GUY MANNERING.

---

(1.)

CANNY moment, lucky fit ;  
Is the lady lighter yet ?  
Be it lad, or be it lass,  
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,  
Hinders witches of their will ;  
Weel is them, that weel may  
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,  
Saint Colme and her cat,  
Saint Michael and his spear,  
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

*Chap. iii.*

---

(2.)

Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,  
Mingle shades of joy and woe,  
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,  
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,  
And the infant's life beginning,  
Dimly seen through twilight bending,  
Lo, what varied shapes attending !

Passions wild, and follies vain,  
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain ;  
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,  
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,  
Whirling with the whirling spindle,  
Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,  
Mingle human bliss and woe.

*Chap. iv.*

---

(3.)

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,  
Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?  
From the body pass away ;—  
Hark ! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,  
Mary Mother be thy speed,  
Saints to help thee at thy need ;—  
Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,  
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast ;

Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,  
And the sleep be on thee cast  
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,  
Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—  
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,  
Day is near the breaking.

“The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife. ‘It will not be,’ she muttered to herself. ‘He cannot pass away with that on his mind; it tethers him here.

Heaven cannot abide it;  
Earth refuses to hide it.

I must open the door.’

“——She lifted the latch, saying,

‘Open locks, end strife,  
Come death, and pass life.’”

*Chap. xxvii.*

---

(4.)

“‘Well said, my hearty Captain!’ cried Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of revelry,”—

Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,  
Dash the window-glass to shivers!

For three wild lads were we, brave boys,  
And three wild lads were we;  
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,  
And Jack on the gallows-tree!

*Chap. xxxiv.*

---

(5.)

Dark shall be light,  
And wrong done to right,  
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might  
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

*Chap. xlix.*

## FROM THE ANTIQUARY.

---

“ WHY sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,  
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?  
Dost thou its former pride recall,  
Or ponder how it pass'd away? ”—

“ Know'st thou not me ? ” the Deep Voice cried ;  
“ So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—  
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,  
Desired, neglected, and accused !

“ Before my breath, like blazing flax,  
Man and his marvels pass away !  
And changing empires wane and wax,  
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“ Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—  
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,  
And measureless thy joy or grief,  
When Time and thou shalt part for ever ! ”

*Chap. x.*

## (2.) EPITAPH.

HEIR lyeth John o' ye Girnell,  
 Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirkell.  
 In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,  
 Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,  
 He deled a boll o' bear in firloittis fyve,  
 Four for ye halie kirke and ane for puir mennis  
       wyvis.

---

*Chap. xi.*

## (3.)

“As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative:”—

The herring loves the merry moon-light,  
 The mackerel loves the wind,  
 But the oyster loves the dredging sang,  
 For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,  
 And listen great and sma',  
 And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl  
 That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,  
 And doun the Don and a',  
 And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be  
 For the sair field of Harlaw.—

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,  
They hae bridled a hundred black,  
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,  
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely ten,  
When Donald came branking down the brae  
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,  
Their glaives were glancing clear,  
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,  
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,  
That Highland host to see:  
“Now here a knight that's stout and good  
May prove a jeopardie:

“What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,  
That rides beside my reyne.—  
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,  
And I were Roland Cheyne?

“To turn the rein were sin and shame,  
To fight were wond'rous peril,—  
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,  
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?”—



“ Were I Glenallan’s Earl this tide,  
 And ye were Roland Cheyne,  
 The spear should be in my horse’s side,  
 And the bridle upon his mane.

“ If they hae twenty thousand blades,  
 And we twice ten times ten,  
 Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,  
 And we are mail-clad men.

“ My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,  
 As through the moorland fern,—  
 Then ne’er let the gentle Norman blude  
 Grow cauld for Highland kerne.”

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

He turn’d him right and round again,  
 Said, Scorn na at my mither;  
 Light loves I may get mony a ane,  
 But minnie ne’er anither.

*Chap. xl.*

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#### (4.) MOTTOES.<sup>1</sup>

##### ADVERTISEMENT.

I KNEW Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,  
 Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him ;

<sup>1</sup> The scraps of poetry which have been in most cases  
 tacked to the beginning of chapters in these Novels, are

But he was shrewish as a wayward child,  
 And pleased again by toys which childhood please ;  
 As—book of fables graced with print of wood,  
 Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,  
 Or the rare melody of some old ditty,  
 That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

## CHAP. IX.

“Be brave,” she cried, “you yet may be our  
 guest,

Our haunted room was ever held the best :  
 If, then, your valour can the fight sustain  
 Of rustling curtains, and the clinking chain ;  
 If your courageous tongue have powers to talk,  
 When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk ;  
 If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,  
 I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.”

*True Story.*

sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the shower by snowing brown. I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that, in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to. In some cases, I have been entertained when Dr. Watts and other graver authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.”—*Introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate.*

## CHAP. XI.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision  
sent,  
And order'd all the pageants as they went ;  
Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,—  
The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

## CHAP. XII.

Beggar !—the only freemen of your Common-  
wealth ;  
Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws,  
Obey no governor, use no religion  
But what they draw from their own ancient  
customs,  
Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels.  
*Brome.*

## CHAP. XIX.

Here has been such a stormy encounter,  
Betwixt my cousin Captain, and this soldier,  
About I know not what !—nothing, indeed ;  
Competitions, degrees, and comparatives  
Of soldiership !——

*A Faire Quarrel.*

## CHAP. XX.

—— If you fail honour here,  
Never presume to serve her any more ;

Bid farewell to the integrity of arms,  
And the honourable name of soldier  
Fall from you, like a shiver'd wreath of laurel  
By thunder struck from a desertlesse forehead.

*A Faire Quarrel.*

CHAP. XXI.

—— The Lord Abbot had a soul  
Subtile and quick, and searching as the fire :  
By magic stairs he went as deep as hell,  
And if in devils' possession gold be kept,  
He brought some sure from thence—'tis hid in  
caves,

Known, save to me, to none ——

*The Wonder of a Kingdome.*

CHAP. XXVII.

—— Many great ones  
Would part with half their states, to have the plan  
And credit to beg in the first style.—

*Beggar's Bush.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

—— This ring,  
This little ring, with necromantic force,  
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears,  
Conjured the sense of honour and of love  
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself.

*The Fatal Marriage.*

## CHAP. XXX.

Who is he?—One that for the lack of land  
Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged  
Formerly the grand whale ; and by his titles  
Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth.  
He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry, sir,  
Th' aquatic had the best—the argument  
Still galls our champion's breech.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXI.

Tell me not of it, friend—when the young weep,  
Their tears are lukewarm brine ;—from our old eyes  
Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North,  
Chilling the furrows of our wither'd cheeks,  
Cold as our hopes, and hardened as our feeling—  
Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours recoil,  
Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXIII.

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us !—  
A bloodhound stanch—she tracks our rapid step  
Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,  
Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us ;  
Then in our lair, when Time hath chill'd our joints,  
And maim'd our hope of combat, or of flight,  
We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing all,  
Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXIV.

Still in his dead hand clench'd remain the  
strings  
That thrill his father's heart—e'en as the limb,  
Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains, they tell  
us,  
Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,  
Whose nerves are twinging still in maim'd existence.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXV.

——— Life, with you,  
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries ;  
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,  
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy :—  
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,  
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling  
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXVII.

Yes ! I love Justice well—as well as you do—  
But, since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse  
me,  
If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb ;—  
The breath I utter now shall be no means  
To take away from me my breath in future.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor coinage,  
Granting I knew all that you charge me with.  
What, tho' the tomb hath born a second birth,  
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,  
Yet fair exchange was never robbery,  
Far less pure bounty——

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XL.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,  
As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley.—  
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse  
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel  
Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en  
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.  
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,  
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain  
Useless as motionless.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XLI.

So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,  
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,  
With hand outstretch'd impatient to destroy,  
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,  
Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid  
dream,

For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream.

*The Loves of the Sea-weeds.*

## CHAP. XLII.

Let those go see who will—I like it not—  
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,  
And all the nothings he is now divorced from  
By the hard doom of stern necessity ;  
Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,  
Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil  
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant Anguish.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XLIII.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles,  
Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,—  
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next  
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,  
As if to court the aim.—Experience watches,  
And has her on the wheel.—

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XLIV.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her :  
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms ?  
Or sigh because she smiles—and smiles on others ?  
Not I, by Heaven !—I hold my peace too dear,  
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,  
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

*Old Play.*



## FROM ROB ROY.

---

### (1.) TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

O FOR the voice of that wild horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne,  
    The dying hero's call,  
That told imperial Charlemagne,  
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain,  
    Had wrought his champion's fall.

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,  
And England's distant cliffs astounding,  
    Such are the notes should say  
How Britain's hope, and France's fear,  
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,  
    In Bourdeaux dying lay.

“Raise my faint head, my squires,” he said,  
“And let the casement be display'd,  
    That I may see once more  
The splendour of the setting sun  
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,  
    And Blaye's empurpled shore.”

“Like me, he sinks to Glory’s sleep,  
His fall the dews of evening steep,  
    As if in sorrow shed.  
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,  
When England’s maids and matrons hear  
    Of their Black Edward dead.

“And though my sun of glory set,  
Nor France nor England shall forget  
    The terror of my name ;  
And oft shall Britain’s heroes rise,  
New planets in these southern skies,  
    Through clouds of blood and flame.”

*Chap. ii.*

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(2.) TRANSLATION FROM ARIOSTO.

LADIES, and knights, and arms, and love’s fair  
    flame,  
Deeds of emprise and courtesy, I sing ;  
What time the Moors from sultry Africk came,  
    Led on by Agramant, their youthful king—  
He whom revenge and hasty ire did bring  
    O’er the broad wave, in France to waste and  
    war ;  
Such ills from old Trojano’s death did spring,  
    Which to avenge he came from realms afar,  
And menaced Christian Charles, the Roman Em-  
    peror.

Of dauntless Roland, too, my strain shall sound,  
In import never known in prose and rhyme,  
How He, the chief of judgment deem'd profound,  
For luckless love was crazed upon a time—  
*Chap. xvi.*

---

## (3.) MOTTOES.

## CHAP. X.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not,  
Hers was one sacred solitary spot,  
Whose gloomy aisles and bending shelves contain,  
For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain.  
*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XIII.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep'd  
The weapon form'd for slaughter—direr his,  
And worthier of damnation, who instill'd  
The mortal venom in the social cup,  
To fill the veins with death instead of life.  
*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXII.

Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here's the  
place  
Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve  
in—

Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.  
Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,

Doth Hope's fair torch expire ; and at the snuff,  
Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and way-  
ward,

The desperate revelries of wild despair,  
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds  
That the poor captive would have died ere prac-  
tised,

Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition.

*The Prison, Scene iii. Act i.*

CHAP. XXVII.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,  
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green ;  
No birds, except as birds of passage flew ;  
No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo ;  
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,  
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.

*Prophecy of Famine.*

CHAP. XXXI.

"Woe to the vanquish'd !" was stern Brenno's  
word,

When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic  
sword—

"Woe to the vanquish'd !" when his massive  
blade

Bore down the scale against her ransom weigh'd,  
And on the field of foughten battle still,  
Who knows no limits save the victor's will.

*The Gaulliad.*

## CHAP. XXXII.

And be he safe restored ere evening set,  
Or, if there's vengeance in an injured heart,  
And power to wreak it in an armed hand,  
Your land shall ache for't. *Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXVI.

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to  
rest,  
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's  
cold breast :  
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,  
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

## FROM OLD MORTALITY.

---

(1.)

AND what though winter will pinch severe  
Through locks of gray and a cloak that's old,  
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,  
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,  
And years will break the strongest bow ;  
Was never wight so starkly made,  
But time and years would overthrow.

*Chap. xix.*

---

(2.) VERSES FOUND, WITH A LOCK OF HAIR, IN  
BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK.

THY hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,  
As in that well-remember'd night,  
When first that mystic braid was wove,  
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how often hast thou press'd  
The torrid zone of this wild breast,

Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell  
With the first sin that peopled hell,  
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,  
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion!—  
O, if such clime thou canst endure,  
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,  
What conquest o'er each erring thought  
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!  
I had not wander'd wild and wide,  
With such an angel for my guide;  
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me  
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been  
To me one savage hunting scene,  
My sole delight the headlong race,  
And frantic hurry of the chase;  
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,  
Rush in, drag down and rend my prey,  
Then—from the carcase turn away!  
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,  
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed!  
Yes, God and man might now approve me,  
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

*Chap. xxiii.*

## (3.) EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

“Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend, Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of the Epitaphion alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus :—”

HERE lyes ane saint to prelates surly,  
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,  
Who, stirred up to vengeance take,  
For solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,  
Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,  
Did tak' James Sharpe the apostate's life ;  
By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,  
Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.

*Chap. xliv.*

## (4.) MOTTOES.

## CHAP. V.

AROUSE thee, youth !—it is no common call,—  
God's church is leaguer'd—haste to man the wall ;  
Haste where the Red-cross banners wave on high  
Signals of honour'd death or victory.

*James Duff.*



## CHAP. XXXIV.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !

To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

*Anonymous.*

## FROM THE BLACK DWARF.

---

### MOTTOES.

#### CHAP. V.

THE bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath  
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring;  
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,  
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;  
And thus the heart, most sear'd to human pleasure,  
Melts at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.

*Beaumont.*

#### CHAP. IX.

So spak the knicht; the geaunt sed,  
Lead forth with the the sely maid,  
And mak me quite of the and sche;  
For glaunsing ee, or brow so brent,  
Or cheek with rose and lilye blent,  
Me lists not ficht with the.

*Romance of The Falcon.*

#### CHAP. X.

I left my ladye's bower last night—  
It was clad in wreaths of snaw;

I'll seek it when the sun is bright,  
And sweet the roses blaw.

*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. XVI.

—————'Twas time and griefs  
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer  
hand,  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him—Bring us to  
him,  
And chance it as it may.

*Old Play.*

## FROM A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

---

### (1.) ANNOT LYLE'S SONG.

#### 1.

BIRDS of omen dark and foul,  
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,  
Leave the sick man to his dream—  
All night long he heard you scream.  
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,  
Ivy, tod, or dinged bower,  
There to wink and mope, for, hark !  
In the mid air sings the lark.

#### 2.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,  
Prowling wolf and wily fox,  
Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,  
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.  
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,  
Safety parts with parting night ;  
And on distant echo borne,  
Comes the hunter's early horn.

## 3.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,  
 Ghost-like she fades in morning beams ;  
 Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay  
 That scare the pilgrim on his way.—  
 Quench, kelpy ! quench in bog and fen,  
 Thy torch, that cheats benighted men ;  
 Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,  
 For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

## 4.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and deep,  
 O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,  
 Pass from the slumberer's soul away,  
 Like night-mists from the brow of day :  
 Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim  
 Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,  
 Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone !  
 Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

*Chap. vi.*

---

(2.) THE ORPHAN MAID.

NOVEMBER's hail-cloud drifts away,  
 November's sun-beam wan  
 Looks coldly on the castle gray,  
 When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,  
Her arms, her feet were bare ;  
The hail-drops had not melted yet,  
Amid her raven hair.

“ And, dame,” she said, “ by all the ties  
That child and mother know,  
Aid one who never knew these joys,—  
Relieve an orphan’s woe.”

The lady said, “ An orphan’s state  
Is hard and sad to bear ;  
Yet worse the widow’d mother’s fate,  
Who mourns both lord and heir.

“ Twelve times the rolling year has sped,  
Since, from the vengeance wild  
Of fierce Strathallan’s chief I fled,  
Forth’s eddies whelm’d my child.”—

“ Twelve times the year its course has borne,”  
The wandering maid replied ;  
“ Since fishers on St. Bridget’s morn,  
Drew nets on Campsie side.

“ St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil,  
An infant, well nigh dead,  
They saved, and rear’d in want and toil,  
To beg from you her bread.”

The orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—  
 “ My husband's looks you bear ;  
 Saint Bridget and her morn be bless'd !  
 You are his widow's heir.”

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,  
 In silk and sandals rare ;  
 And pearls, for drops of frozen hail  
 Are glistening in her hair.

*Chap. ix.*

---

### (3.) MOTTOES.

#### CHAP. X.

DARK on their journey lour'd the gloomy day,  
 Wild were the hills, and doubtful grew the way ;  
 More dark, more gloomy, and more doubtful,  
 show'd

The mansion which received them from the road.

*The Travellers, a Romance.*

#### CHAP. XI.

Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy  
 Displays her sable banner from the donjon,  
 Dark'ning the foam of the whole surge beneath.  
 Were I a habitant to see this gloom

Pollute the face of nature, and to hear  
The ceaseless sound of wave and sea-bird's  
scream,

I'd wish me in the hut that poorest peasant  
Ere framed to give him temporary shelter.

*Brown.*

CHAP. XIV.

This was the entry, then, these stairs—but whither  
after?

Yet he that's sure to perish on the land  
May quit the nicety of card and compass,  
And trust the open sea without a pilot.

*Tragedy of Brennoval.*



## FROM THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN

---

### (1.) MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.

WHEN the gledd's in the blue cloud,  
The lavrock lies still ;  
When the hound's in the green-wood,  
The hind keeps the hill.

---

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,  
When ye suld rise and ride ?  
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,  
Are seeking where ye hide.

*Chap. xv.*

---

Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,  
Dub a dub, dub a dub ;  
Have at old Beelzebub,—  
Oliver's running for fear.—

I glance like the wildfire through country and  
town ;  
I'm seen on the causeway—I'm seen on the down ;  
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,  
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.

---

What did ye wi' the bridal ring—bridal ring—  
bridal ring ?

What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty  
quean, O ?

I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,  
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.

*Chap. xvi.*

---

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee ;  
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me  
The form and the features, the speech and degree,  
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

---

It is the bonny butcher lad,  
That wears the sleeves of blue ;  
He sells the flesh on Saturday,  
On Friday that he slew.

There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald Wood,  
There's harness glancing sheen ;  
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,  
And she sings loud between.

*Chap. xvii.*

---

Up in the air,  
On my bonnie gray mare,  
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.

*Chap. xviii.*

---

In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,  
Ere I was ane and twenty,  
I had hempen bracelets strong,  
And merry whips, ding-dong,  
And prayer and fasting plenty.

---

My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard  
Sae far ayont the sea,  
And it is but my blithesome ghaist  
That's speaking now to thee.

*Chap. xxix.*

---

I'm Madge of the country, and Madge of the town,  
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own,—

The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,  
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,  
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole  
to-day ;

The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free  
Was never so bright, or so bonnie as me.

*Chap. xxxi.*

---

Our work is over—over now,  
The goodman wipes his weary brow,  
The last long wain wends slow away,  
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,  
And labour ends when day is done.  
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,  
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

---

When the fight of grace is fought,—  
When the marriage vest is wrought,—  
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away—  
And Hope but sickens at delay,—  
When Charity, imprisoned here,  
Longs for a more expanded sphere ;  
Doff thy robes of sin and clay ;  
Christian, rise, and come away.

---

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,  
 And sad my sleep of sorrow ;  
 But thine sall be as sad and cauld,  
 My fause true-love ! to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,  
 Though death your mistress borrow ;  
 For he for whom I die to-day,  
 Shall die for me to-morrow.

---

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early ;  
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
 Singing so rarely.

“ Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me ? ”—

“ When six braw gentlemen  
 Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“ Who makes the bridal bed,  
 Birdie, say truly ? ”—

“ The gray-headed sexton  
 That delves the grave duly.

“ The glow-worm o’er grave and stone  
 Shall light thee steady.

The owl from the steeple sing,  
 ‘ Welcome, proud lady.’ ”

## (2.) MOTTOES.

## CHAP. XIX.

To man, in this his trial state,  
The privilege is given,  
When lost by tides of human fate,  
To anchor fast in Heaven.

*Watts's Hymns.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

Law, take thy victim!—May she find the mercy  
In yon mild heaven which this hard world denies  
her!

## CHAP. XXIX.

And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind  
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

## CHAP. XXXVII.

—————I beseech you—  
These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands  
woo you,  
That never yet were heaved but to things holy—  
Things like yourself—You are a God above us;  
Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy!

*The Bloody Brother.*

## FROM THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

---

(1.)

“ The silver tones of Lucy Ashton’s voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words: ”—

LOOK not thou on beauty’s charming,—  
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—  
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—  
Speak not when the people listens,—  
Stop thine ear against the singer,—  
From the red gold keep thy finger,—  
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,  
Easy live and quiet die.

*Chap. iii.*

---

(2.)

“ And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased.”

The monk must arise when the matins ring,  
The abbot may sleep to their chime ;

But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,  
 'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's bucks and raes on Billhope braes,  
 There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw ;  
 But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,  
 She's fairly worth them a.'

*Chap. iii.*

---

(3.)

" With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines : "

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravens-  
 wood shall ride,  
 And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,  
 He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,  
 And his name shall be lost for evermoe !

*Chap. xviii.*

---

(4.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. VIII.

THE hearth in hall was black and dead,  
 No board was dight in bower within,  
 Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed ;  
 " Here's sorry cheer," quoth the Heir of Linne.  
*" The Heir of Linne," altered.*



CHAP. XIV.

As, to the Autumn breeze's bugle-sound,  
 Various and vague the dry leaves dance their  
     round,  
 Or, from the garner-door, on æther borne,  
 The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn;  
 So vague, so devious, at the breath of heav'n,  
 From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driven.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XVII.

—— Here is a father now,  
 Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,  
 Make her the stop-gap to some canker'd feud,  
 Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,  
 To appease the sea at highest.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XVIII.

Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel:  
 Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;  
 Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire  
 Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,  
 And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.

*The French Courtezan.*

CHAP. XXV.

True-love, an' thou be true,  
 Thou has ane kittle part to play,  
 For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou  
 Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony friend's tale,  
Far better by this heart of mine,  
What time and change of fancy avail,  
A true-love knote to untwine.

*Hendersoun.*

CHAP. XXVII.

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,  
And if she 'scapes my grasp, the fault is mine ;  
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,  
Best knows to shape his course to favouring  
breezes.

*Old Play.*

## FROM IVANHOE.

---

### (1.) THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

#### 1.

HIGH deeds achieved of knightly fame,  
From Palestine the champion came ;  
The cross upon his shoulders borne,  
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.  
Each dint upon his batter'd shield  
Was token of a foughten field ;  
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,  
He sung, as fell the twilight hour :

#### 2.

“ Joy to the fair !—thy knight behold,  
Return'd from yonder land of gold ;  
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,  
Save his good arms and battle-steed ;  
His spurs to dash against a foe,  
His lance and sword to lay him low ;  
Such all the trophies of his toil  
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile !

## 3.

“Joy to the fair ! whose constant knight  
Her favour fired to feats of might !  
Unnoted shall she not remain  
Where meet the bright and noble train ;  
Minstrel shall sing, and herald tell—  
‘ Mark yonder maid of beauty well,  
’Tis she for whose bright eyes was won  
The listed field of Ascalon !

## 4.

“ ‘ Note well her smile !—it edged the blade  
Which fifty wives to widows made,  
When, vain his strength and Mahound’s spell,  
Iconium’s turban’d Soldan fell.  
See’st thou her locks, whose sunny glow  
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow ?  
Twines not of them one golden thread,  
But for its sake a Paynim bled.’

## 5.

“ Joy to the fair !—my name unknown,  
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own ;  
Then, oh ! unbar this churlish gate,  
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.  
Inured to Syria’s glowing breath,  
I feel the north breeze chill as death ;  
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,  
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame.”

*Chap. xvii.*

## (2.) THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

## 1.

I'LL give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,  
To search Europe through from Byzantium to  
Spain;  
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till  
you tire,  
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

## 2.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,  
And is brought home at even-song prick'd through  
with a spear;  
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires  
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

## 3.

Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a prince has  
been known  
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown:  
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire  
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a  
Friar!

## 4.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has  
gone,  
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;

He can roam where he lists, he can stop where  
    he tires,  
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

## 5.

He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he  
    comes,  
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of  
    plums ;  
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the  
    fire,  
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

## 6.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,  
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the  
    black pot ;  
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in  
    the mire,  
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

## 7.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,  
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope !  
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,  
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

*Chap. xvii.*

---

(3.)

Norman saw on English oak,  
On English neck a Norman yoke ;  
Norman spoon in English dish,  
And England ruled as Normans wish ;  
Blithe world in England never will be more,  
Till England's rid of all the four.

*Chap. xxvii.*

(4.)

“The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore chanted on the field of battle by the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head ; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity ; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter :”—

1.

Whet the bright steel,  
Sons of the White Dragon !  
Kindle the torch,  
Daughter of Hengist !

The steel glimmers not for the carving of the  
    banquet,  
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed ;  
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,  
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.  
Whet the steel, the raven croaks !  
Light the torch, Zerneck is yelling !  
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon !  
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist !

## 2.

The black clouds are low over the thane's castle :  
The eagle screams—he rides on their bosom.  
Scream not, gray rider of the sable cloud  
Thy banquet is prepared !  
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,  
The race of Hengist will send them guests.  
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla !  
And strike your loud timbrels for joy !  
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,  
Many a helmed head.

## 3.

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,  
The black clouds gather round ;  
Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant !  
The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest  
    against them ;  
He, the bright consumer of palaces,  
Broad waves he his blazing banner,



Red, white, and dusky,  
Over the strife of the valiant ;  
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken  
    bucklers ;  
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts  
    warm from the wound !

## 4.

All must perish !  
The sword cleaveth the helmet ;  
The strong armour is pierced by the lance :  
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,  
Engines break down the fences of the battle.  
All must perish !  
The race of Hengist is gone—  
The name of Horsa is no more !  
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the  
    sword !  
Let your blades drink blood like wine ;  
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,  
By the light of the blazing halls !  
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,  
And spare neither for pity nor fear,  
For vengeance hath but an hour ;  
Strong hate itself shall expire !  
I also must perish.

## (5.) REBECCA'S HYMN.

"It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca's prison chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn, which we have ventured thus to translate into English: —"

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her fathers' God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonish'd lands,  
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;  
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between.  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone :  
Our fathers would not know thy ways,  
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

*Chap. xxxix.*

---

## (6.) THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

"At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a stiff and mellow burthen to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty : —"

ANNA-MARIE, love, up is the sun,  
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,  
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,  
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.

Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,  
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,  
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,  
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

## WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,  
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit ;  
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,  
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt ! my love?  
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,  
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the  
hill,  
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,  
But think not I dream'd of thee, Tybalt, my love.

## (7.)

“ The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort  
of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the  
tune, replied in the like manner.”

## KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west,  
and north,  
Evermore sing the roundelay ;  
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,  
And where was the widow might say them  
nay ?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he  
came,

Ever more sing the roundelay ;  
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great  
fame,  
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,  
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay ;  
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,  
For she was the widow would say him nay.

## WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by  
nails,  
Merrily sing the roundelay ;  
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage  
was of Wales,  
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh  
Ap Tudor Ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay ;  
She said that one widow for so many was too  
few,  
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,  
Jollily singing his roundelay ;  
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,  
And where was the widow could say him nay ?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the  
mire,

There for to sing the roundelay ;  
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,  
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

*Chap. xl.*

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## (8.) FUNERAL HYMN.

“Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only been able to decipher two or three stanzas:—”

Dust unto dust,  
To this all must ;  
The tenant hath resign'd  
The faded form  
To waste and worm—  
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown  
Thy soul hath flown,  
To seek the realms of woe,  
Where fiery pain  
Shall purge and stain  
Of actions done below.

In that sad place,  
By Mary's grace,

Brief may thy dwelling be !  
Till prayers and alms,  
And holy psalms,  
Shall set the captive free.

*Chap. xlii.*

---

(9.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. XVIII.

AWAY ! our journey lies through dell and dingle,  
Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,  
Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,  
Chequers the sun-beam in the greensward alley—  
Up and away !—for lovely paths are these  
To tread, when the glad sun is on his throne :  
Less pleasant, and less safe, when Cynthia's lamp,  
With doubtful glimmer, lights the dreary forest.

*Eltrick Forest.*

CHAP. XX.

When autumn nights were long and drear,  
And forest walks were dark and dim,  
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear  
Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn !

Devotion borrows Music's tone,  
And Music took Devotion's wing,  
And, like the bird that hails the sun,  
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.

*The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.*

## CHAP. XXVI.

The hottest horse will oft be cool,  
The dullest will show fire ;  
The friar will often play the fool,  
The fool will play the friar.

*Old Song.*

## CHAP. XXVIII.

This wandering race, sever'd from other men,  
Boast yet their intercourse with human arts ;  
The seas, the woods, the deserts which they haunt,  
Find them acquainted with their secret treasures ;  
And unregarded herbs, and flowers and blossoms,  
Display undream'd-of powers when gather'd by  
                  them.

*The Jew.*

## CHAP. XXX.

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed,  
His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,  
Which, as the lark arises to the sky,  
'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew,  
Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and  
                  tears !

Anselm parts otherwise.

*Old Play*

## CHAP. XXXII.

Trust me, each state must have its policies ;  
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters ;  
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,



Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.  
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,  
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,  
But laws were made to draw that union closer.  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXV.

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,  
Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey ;  
Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire  
Of wild Fanaticism.  
*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXXVI.

Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.  
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier  
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming :  
The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier  
Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,  
All practise it ; and he who is content  
With showing what' he is, shall have small credit  
In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXVII.

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave  
At human woes with human hearts to grieve ;  
Stern was the law, which at the winning wile  
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile :  
But sterner still, when high the iron-rod  
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power  
of God.  
*Middle Ages.*

## CHAP. XLII.

I found them winding of Marcello's corpse,  
And there was such a solemn melody,  
'Twixt doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—  
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,  
Are wont to outwear the night with.      *Old Play.*

## FROM THE MONASTERY.

---

(1.)

TAKE then no scorn,  
Of fiction born,  
Fair fiction's muse to woo:  
Old Homer's theme  
Was but a dream,  
Himself a fiction too.

*Answer to Introductory Epistle.*

---

## (2.) BORDER SONG.

1.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,  
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?  
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,  
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.  
Many a banner spread,  
Flutters above your head,  
Many a crest that is famous in story.  
Mount and make ready then,  
Sons of the mountain glen,  
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

## 2.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are graz-  
ing,

Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Trumpets are sounding,  
War-steeds are bounding,  
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,  
England shall many a day  
Tell of the bloody fray,  
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

*Chap. xxv.*

---

(3.) SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF  
AVENEL.

FORDING THE RIVER.

## 1.

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.  
We have roused the night raven, I heard him  
croak,  
As we plashed along beneath the oak  
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,  
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.  
“Who wakens my nestlings!” the raven he said,  
“My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red !

For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,  
And I'll have my share with the pike and the  
eel."

## 2.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
There's a golden gleam on the distant height :  
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,  
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.  
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,  
It is all astir for the vesper hour ;  
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,  
But where's Father Philip should toll the bell ?

## 3.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Downward we drift through shadow and light.  
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,  
Calm and silent, dark and deep.  
The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,  
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool :  
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see  
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee !

## 4.

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-  
night ?  
A man of mean or a man of might ?  
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,  
Or lover who crosses to visit his love ?

Hark ! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,—  
“ God’s blessing on the warder, he lock’d the  
bridge fast !

All that come to my cove are sunk,  
Priest or layman, lover or monk.”

---

Landed—landed ! the black book hath won,  
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun !  
Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,  
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

*Chap. v.*

---

#### (4.) TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

GOOD evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you  
ride,

With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide ;  
But ride you through valley, or ride you o’er hill,  
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.

Back, back,

The volume black !

I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho ! Sub-Prior, and came you but here  
To conjure a book from a dead woman’s bier ?  
Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,  
Ride back with the book, or you’ll pay for your  
prize.

Back, back,  
There's death in the track !  
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

"In the name of *my* Master," said the astonished Monk, "that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus ?"

The same voice replied,—

That which is neither ill nor well,  
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,  
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,  
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream ;  
A form that men spy  
With the half-shut eye  
In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right !  
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through  
the night ;

I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,  
And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.

Again, again,  
At the crook of the glen,  
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

---

Men of good are bold as sackless,  
Men of rude are wild and reckless.

Lie thou still  
In the nook of the hill,  
For those be before thee that wish thee ill.

*Chap. ix.*

---

(5.)

Thank the holly-bush  
That nods on thy brow,  
Or with this slender rush  
I had strangled thee now.

*Chap. x.*

---

(6.) HALBERT'S INCANTATION.

THRICE to the holly brake—  
Thrice to the well :—  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel !

Noon gleams on the Lake—  
Noon glows on the Fell—  
Wake thee, O wake,  
White Maid of Avenel.

---

TO HALBERT.

YOUTH of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call  
me ?

Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appall thee ?



He that seeks to deal with us must know nor fear,  
nor failing ;  
To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts  
are unavailing.  
The breeze that brought me hither now must  
sweep Egyptian ground,  
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is  
bound ;  
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs  
for my stay,  
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close  
of day.

---

What I am I must not show—  
What I am thou couldst not know—  
Something betwixt heaven and hell—  
Something that neither stood nor fell—  
Something that through thy wit or will  
May work thee good—may work thee ill.  
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,  
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,  
Dancing by the haunted spring,  
Riding on the whirlwind's wing ;  
Aping in fantastic fashion  
Every change of human passion,  
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,  
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.  
Wayward, fickle, is our mood,  
Hovering betwixt bad and good,

Happier than brief-dated man,  
Living ten times o'er his span ;  
Far less happy, for we have  
Help nor hope beyond the grave !  
Man awakes to joy or sorrow ;  
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.  
This is all that I can show—  
This is all that thou may'st know.

---

Ay ! and I taught thee the word and the spell  
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.  
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,  
More than to seek my haunted walk ;  
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,  
More than good text and holy word ;  
And thou hast loved the deer to track,  
More than the lines and the letters black ;  
And thou art a ranger of moss and wood,  
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

---

Thy craven fear my truth accused,  
Thine idleness my trust abused ;  
He that draws to harbour late,  
Must sleep without, or burst the gate,  
There is a star for thee which burn'd,  
Its influence wanes, its course is turn'd ;  
Valour and constancy alone  
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

---

Within that awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries !  
Happiest they of human race,  
To whom God has granted grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, and force the way ;  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

---

Many a fathom dark and deep  
I have laid the book to sleep ;  
Ethereal fires around it glowing—  
Ethereal music ever flowing—  
    The sacred pledge of Heav'n  
All things revere,  
Each in his sphere,  
    Save man for whom 'twas giv'n :  
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy  
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

---

Fearest thou to go with me ?  
Still it is free to thee  
    A peasant to dwell ;  
Thou may'st drive the dull steer,  
And chase the king's deer,

But never more come near  
This haunted well.

---

Here lies the volume thou hast boldly sought ;  
Touch it, and take it, 'twill dearly be bought.

---

Rash thy deed,  
Mortal weed  
To immortal flames applying ;  
Rasher trust  
Has thing of dust,  
On his own weak worth relying :  
Strip thee of such fences vain,  
Strip, and prove thy luck again.

---

Mortal warp and mortal woof  
Cannot brook this charmed roof ;  
All that mortal art hath wrought  
In our cell returns to nought.  
The molten gold returns to clay,  
The polish'd diamond melts away ;  
All is alter'd, all is flown,  
Nought stands fast but truth alone.

Not for that thy quest give o'er :  
Courage ! prove thy chance once more.

---

Alas ! alas !  
Not ours the grace  
These holy characters to trace :  
Idle forms of painted air,  
Not to us is given to share  
The boon bestow'd on Adam's race.  
With patience bide,  
Heaven will provide  
The fitting time, the fitting guide.

*Chap. xii.*

---

(7.) TO THE SAME.

HALBERT'S INCANTATION.

THRICE to the holly brake—  
Thrice to the well :—  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel !

Noon gleams on the Lake—  
Noon glows on the Fell—  
Wake thee, O wake,  
White Maid of Avenel.

"She spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant; but if, as now, more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank verse, and, at other times, in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting."

This is the day when the fairy kind  
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,  
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,  
And the mermaiden weeps in her crystal grot ;  
For this is a day that the deed was wrought,  
In which we have neither part nor share,  
For the children of clay was salvation bought,  
But not for the forms of sea or air !  
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,  
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

---

Daring youth ! for thee it is well,  
Here calling me in haunted dell,  
That thy heart has not quail'd,  
Nor thy courage fail'd,  
And that thou couldst brook  
The angry look  
Of Her of Avenel.  
Did one limb shiver,  
Or an eyelid quiver,  
Thou wert lost for ever.  
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,

And my blood is of the unfallen dew,  
And thou art framed of mud and dust,  
'Tis thine to speak, reply I must.

---

A mightier wizard far than I  
Wields o'er the universe his power ;  
Him owns the eagle in the sky,  
The turtle in the bower.  
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,  
He wields the heart of man at will,  
From ill to good, from good to ill,  
In cot and castle-tower.

---

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell  
Is fill'd with Mary Avenel !  
Ask thy pride, why scornful look  
In Mary's view it will not brook ?  
Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise  
Among the mighty and the wise,—  
Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—  
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—  
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife  
Mend thy luck or lose thy life ?  
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,  
Sighing from its secret cell,  
'Tis for Mary Avenel.

Do not ask me ;  
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.  
We only see the passing show  
Of human passions' ebb and flow ;  
And view the pageant's idle glance  
As mortals eye the northern dance,  
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,  
Career it o'er the brow of night,  
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,  
But feel no influence from their beams.

---

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race  
Holds strange connection with the sons of men.  
The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,  
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,  
That star, when culminating in its orbit,  
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,  
And this bright font received it—and a Spirit  
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life  
Hath coexistence with the House of Avenel  
And with the star that rules it.

---

Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—  
'Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,  
And, but there is a spell on't, would not bind,  
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.



But when 'twas donn'd, it was a massive chain,  
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,  
Even when his locks were longest—it hath  
    dwindled,  
Hath 'minish'd in its substance and its strength,  
As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel.  
When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements  
Resign the principles of life they lent me.  
Ask me no more of this!—the stars forbid it.

---

Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,  
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,  
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the light-  
    house ;  
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,  
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous  
    passion,  
Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect  
That lowers upon its fortunes.

---

Complain not on me, child of clay,  
If to thy harm I yield the way.  
We, who soar thy sphere above,  
Know not aught of hate or love ;  
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,  
My gifts to evil turn or good.

When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,  
Let this token meet his eye.  
The sun is westering from the dell,  
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!

*Chap. xvii.*

---

(8.) TO THE SAME.

HE whose heart for vengeance sued  
Must not shrink from shedding blood ;  
The knot that thou hast tied with word  
Thou must loose by edge of sword.

---

You have summon'd me once, you have summon'd  
me twice,  
And without e'er a summons I come to you thrice ;  
Unask'd for, unsued for, you came to my glen,  
Unsued and unask'd I am with you again.

*Chap. xx.*

---

(9.) TO MARY AVENEL.

MAIDEN, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead,  
Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead  
Alive,  
Maiden, attend ! Beneath my foot lies hid  
The Word, the Law, the Path which thou dost  
strive

To find, and canst not find.—Could Spirits shed  
Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,  
Showing the road which I shall never tread,  
Though my foot points it.—Sleep, eternal sleep,  
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!—  
But do not thou at human ills repine ;  
Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot  
For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line—  
Stoop then and make it yours,—I may not make  
it mine !

*Chap. xxx.*

---

(10.) TO EDWARD GLENDINNING.

THOU who seek'st my fountain lone,  
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not own ;  
Whose heart within leap'd wildly glad,  
When most his brow seem'd dark and sad ;  
Hie thee back, thou find'st not here  
Corpse or coffin, grave or bier ;  
The Dead Alive is gone and fled—  
Go thou and join the Living Dead !

The Living Dead, whose sober brow  
Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now,  
Whose hearts within are seldom cured  
Of passions by their vows abjured ;  
Where, under sad and solemn show,  
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.

Seek the convent's vaulted room,  
Prayer and vigil be thy doom ;  
Doff the green, and don the grey,  
To the cloister hence away !

*Chap. xxxii.*

---

(11.) THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL.

FARE thee well, thou Holly green !  
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,  
With all thy glittering garlands bending,  
As to greet my slow descending,  
Startling the bewilder'd hind,  
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, Fountain ! now not long  
Shalt thou murmur to my song.  
While thy crystal bubbles glancing,  
Keep the time in mystic dancing,  
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,  
Like mortal schemes by fortune cross'd.

The knot of fate at length is tied,  
The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride !  
Vainly did my magic sleight  
Send the lover from her sight ;  
Wither bush, and perish well,  
Fall'n is lofty Avenel !

*Chap. xxxvii.*

## (12.) MOTTOES.

## CHAP. I.

O AY! the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief!

Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition  
Of a most gross and superstitious age.—  
May He be praised that sent the healthful tempest,  
And scatter'd all these pestilential vapours ;  
But that we owed them *all* to yonder Harlot  
Throned on the seven hills with her cup of gold,  
I will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,  
That old Moll White took wing with cat and  
broomstick,  
And raised the last night's thunder.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. II.

In yon lone vale his early youth was bred,  
Not solitary then—the bugle-horn  
Of fell Alecto often waked its windings,  
From where the brook joins the majestic river,  
To the wild northern bog, the curlew's haunt,  
Where oozes forth its first and feeble streamlet.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. V.

A priest, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds they,  
How shall they gather in the straggling flock?

Dumb dogs which bark not—how shall they  
compel

The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold ?

Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,

And snuff the mess neat-handed Phillis dresses,

Than on the snow-wreath battle with the wolf.

*The Reformation.*

#### CHAP. VI.

Now let us sit in conclave. That these weeds

Be rooted from the vineyard of the Church,

That these foul tares be sever'd from the wheat,

We are, I trust, agreed.—Yet how to do this,

Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine-  
plants,

Craves good advisement.

*The Reformation.*

#### CHAP. VIII.

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,

Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher

Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XI.

You call this education, do you not ?

Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks

Before a shouting drover. The glad van

Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch

A passing morsel from the dewy green-sward,

While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,  
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard  
That cripples in the rear.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XII.

There's something in that ancient superstition,  
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.  
The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,  
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock  
In secret solitude, may well be deem'd  
The haunt of something purer, more refined,  
And mightier than ourselves.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIV.

Nay, let me have the friends who eat my victuals,  
As various as my dishes. The feast's naught,  
Where one huge plate predominates.—John  
Plaintext,  
He shall be mighty beef, our English staple ;  
The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling ;  
Yon pair of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs and rees ;  
Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.  
And so the board is spread at once and fill'd  
On the same principle—Variety.

*New Play.*

## CHAP. XV.

He strikes no coin, 'tis true, but coins new phrases,  
And vends them forth as knaves vend gilded  
counters,  
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in  
payment.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XVI.

A courtier extraordinary, who by diet  
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,  
Choice music, frequent bath, his horary shifts  
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalize  
Mortality itself, and makes the essence  
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.

*Magnetic Lady.*

## CHAP. XIX.

Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and  
honour ;  
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee through  
The dance of youth, and the turmoil of manhood,  
Yet leave enough for age's chimney corner ;  
But an thou grasp to it, farewell Ambition !  
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,  
And raising thy low rank above the churls  
That till the earth for bread !

*Old Play.*



## CHAP. XXI.

Indifferent, but indifferent—pshaw ! he doth it not  
Like one who is his craft's master—ne'ertheless  
I have seen a clown confer a bloody coxcomb  
On one who was a master of defence.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXII.

Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,  
Each fiery passion, every strong affection.  
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,  
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me ;  
And I have given that which spoke and moved,  
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,  
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,  
Soon the foul food for reptiles.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXIII.

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,  
The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the heat  
And fiery fever of his soul is past,  
The sinner feels remorse.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

I'll walk on tiptoe ; arm my eye with caution,  
My heart with courage, and my hand with weapon,  
Like him who ventures on a lion's den.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXVII.

Now, by Our Lady, Sheriff, 'tis hard reckoning,  
That I, with every odds of birth and barony,  
Should be detain'd here for the casual death  
Of a wild forester, whose utmost having  
Is but the brazen buckle of the belt  
In which he sticks his hedge-knife.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXX.

You call it an ill angel—it may be so ;  
But sure I am, among the ranks which fell,  
'Tis the first fiend ere counsell'd man to rise,  
And win the bliss the sprite himself had forfeited.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXI.

At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth,  
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,  
Turning the hours of sport and food to labour.  
Starving his body to inform his mind.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXII.

Then in my gown of sober gray,  
Along the mountain path I'll wander,  
And wind my solitary way  
To the sad shrine that courts me yonder.

Then, in the calm monastic shade,  
 All injuries may be forgiven,  
 And there for thee, obdurate maid,  
 My orisons shall rise to heaven.

*The Cruel Lady of the Mountains.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Now on my faith this gear is all entangled,  
 Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy knitter,  
 Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,  
 While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire—  
 Masters, attend; 'twill crave some skill to clear it.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIV.

It is not texts will do it—Church artillery  
 Are silenced soon by real ordnance,  
 And canons are but vain opposed to cannon.  
 Go, coin your crosier, melt your church plate  
                   down,  
 Bid the starved soldier banquet in your halls,  
 And quaff the long-saved hogsheads—Turn them  
                   out  
 Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard your  
                   wall,  
 And they will venture for't.—

*Old Play.*

## FROM THE ABBOT.

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(1.)

“At length the pardoner pulled from his scrip a small phial of clear water, of which he vaunted the quality in the following verses :”—

LISTNETH, gode people, everiche one,  
For in the londe of Babylone,  
Far eastward ! I wot it lyeth,  
And is the first londe the sonne espieth,  
Ther, as he cometh fro out the sé ;  
In this ilk londe, as thinketh me,  
Right as holie legendes tell,  
Snottreth from a roke a well,  
And falleth into ane bath of ston,  
Wher chast Susanne in times long gon,  
Was wont to wash her bodie and lim—  
Mickle vertue hath that streame,  
As ye shall se er that ye pas,  
Ensample by this little glas—  
Through nightes cold and dayes hote,  
Hiderward I have it brought ;  
Hath a wife made slip or slide,  
Or a maiden stepp'd aside ;

Putteth this water under her nese,  
Wold she nold she, she shall snese.

*Chap. xxvii.*

(2.)

From haunted spring and grassy ring  
Troop goblin, elf, and fairy ;  
And the kelpie must flit from the black bog-pit,  
And the brownie must not tarry ;  
To Limbo-lake,  
Their way they take,  
With scarce the pith to flee.  
Sing hay-trix, trim-go-trix,  
Under the greenwood tree.

*(Continuation of an old Song.)*

*Chap. xvi.*

(3.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. V.

—IN the wild storm,  
The seaman hews his mast down, and the mer-  
chant  
Heaves to the billows wares he once deem'd  
precious :  
So prince and peer, 'mid popular contentions,  
Cast off their favourites.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. VI.

Thou hast each secret of the household, Francis.  
I dare be sworn thou hast been in the buttery  
Steeping thy curious humour in fat ale,  
And in the butler's tattle—ay, or chatting  
With thè glib waiting-woman o'er her comfits—  
These bear the key to each domestic mystery.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. VIII.

The sacred tapers' lights are gone,  
Gray moss has clad the altar stone  
The holy image is o'erthrown,  
The bell has ceased to toll.  
The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,  
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,  
Departed is the pious monk,  
God's blessing on his soul !

*Rediviva.*

## CHAP. IX.

Kneel with me—swear it—'tis not in words I  
trust,  
Save when they're fenced with an appeal to  
Heaven.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XI.

Life hath its May, and it is mirthful then :  
The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odour ;  
Its very blast has mirth in't,—and the maidens,

The while they don their cloaks to screen their  
kirtles,

Laugh at the rain that wets them. *Old Play.*

## CHAP. XII.

Nay, hear me, brother—I am elder, 'wiser,  
And holier than thou—and age, and wisdom,  
And holiness, have peremptory claims,  
And will be listen'd to. *Old Play.*

## CHAP. XIII.

What, Dagon up again!—I thought we had hurl'd  
him

Down on the threshold never more to rise.

Bring wedge and axe; and, neighbours, lend your  
hands

And rive the idol into winter fagots!

*Athelstane, or The Converted Dane.*

## CHAP. XIV.

Not the wild billow, when it breaks its barrier—  
Not the wild wind, escaping from its cavern—  
Not the wild fiend, that mingles both together,  
And pours their rage upon the ripening harvest,  
Can match the wild freaks of this mirthful meet-  
ing—

Comic, yet fearful—droll, and yet destructive.

*The Conspiracy.*

## CHAP. XVI.

Youth ! thou wear'st to manhood now,  
Darker lip and darker brow,  
Statelier step, more pensive mien,  
In thy face and gait are seen :  
Thou must now brook midnight watches,  
Take thy food and sport by snatches ;  
For the gambol and the jest,  
Thou wert wont to love the best,  
Graver follies must thou follow,  
But as senseless, false, and hollow.

*Life—a Poem.*

## CHAP. XIX.

It is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,  
Have kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame and  
    life for,  
And yet it is not—no more than the shadow  
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and polish'd mirror,  
Is the warm, graceful, rounded, living substance  
Which it presents in form and lineament.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XX.

Now have you reft me from my staff, my guide,  
Who taught my youth, as men teach untamed  
    falcons,  
To use my strength discreetly—I am reft  
Of comrade and of counsel.

*Old Play.*



## CHAP. XXIII.

Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,  
Coarse as you will the cooking—Let the fresh  
spring

Bubble beside my napkin—and the free birds  
Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to bough,  
To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites—  
Your prison-feasts I like not.

*The Woodsman, a Drama.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

'Tis a weary life this——

Vaults overhead, and grates and bars around me,  
And my sad hours spent with as sad companions,  
Whose thoughts are brooding o'er their own mis-  
chances,

Far, far too deeply to take part in mine.

*The Woodsman.*

## CHAP. XXV.

And when Love's torch hath set the heart in  
flame,

Comes Seignor Reason with his saws and cau-  
tions,

Giving such aid as the old gray-beard Sexton,  
Who from the church-vault drags his crazy  
engine,

To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet  
Against a conflagration.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXVIII.

Yes, it is she whose eyes look'd on thy childhood,  
And watch'd with trembling hope thy dawn of  
youth,  
That now, with these same eye-balls dimm'd with  
age,  
And dimmer yet with tears, sees thy dishonour.  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXX.

In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and silent,  
Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,  
Until occasion, like the linstock, lights it ;  
Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder,  
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXIII.

Death distant?—No, alas ! he's ever with us,  
And shakes the dart at us in all our actings ;  
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health ;  
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines ;  
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,  
But Death is by to seize us when he lists.  
*The Spanish Father.*

## CHAP. XXXIV.

Ay, Pedro,—Come you here with mask and lantern,  
Ladder of ropes and other moonshine tools—  
Why, youngster, thou mayest cheat the old Duenna,

Flatter the waiting-woman, bribe the valet ;  
But know, that I her father play the Gryphon,  
Tameless and sleepless, proof to fraud or bribe,  
And guard the hidden treasure of her beauty.

*The Spanish Father.*

CHAP. XXXV.

It is a time of danger, not of revel,  
When churchmen turn to masquers.

*The Spanish Father.*

CHAP. XXXVII.

Ay, sir—our ancient crown, in these wild times,  
Oft stood upon a cast—the gamester's ducat,  
So often staked, and lost, and then regain'd,  
Scarce knew so many hazards.

*The Spanish Father.*

## FROM KENILWORTH.

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### (1.) GOLDTHRED'S SONG.

“After some brief interval, Master Goldthred, at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the joyous concurrence of his guests, indulged the company with the following morsel of melody:”—

OF all the birds on bush or tree,  
Commend me to the owl,  
Since he may best ensample be  
To those the cup that trowl.  
For when the sun hath left the west,  
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,  
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his  
jest;  
Then though hours be late, and weather foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,  
He sleeps in his nest till morn;  
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,  
That all night blows his horn.  
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,

And match me this catch though you swagger and  
    screech,  
And drink till you wink, my merry men each;  
For though hours be late, and weather be foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

*Chap. ii.*

---

(2.) SPEECH OF THE PORTER TO THE  
QUEEN.

WHAT stir, what turmoil, have we for the nones?  
Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones!  
Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw;  
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—nay, stay—what vision have we here?  
What dainty darling's this—what peerless peer?  
What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold,  
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold?  
Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,  
My club, my key, my knee, my homage take,  
Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss;—  
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a  
    sight as this!<sup>1</sup>

*Chap. xxx.*

<sup>1</sup> An imitation of Gascoigne. The original may be found in the republication of the Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth, by the same author, in the History of Kenilworth. Chiswick, 1821.

## (3.) MOTTOES.

## CHAP. III.

NAY, I'll hold touch—the game shall be play'd  
out,—

It ne'er shall stop for me, this merry wager;  
That which I say when gamesome, I'll avouch  
In my most sober mood, ne'er trust me else.

*The Hazard Table.*

## CHAP. IV.

Not serve two masters?—Here's a youth will try  
it—

Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due;  
Says grace before he doth a deed of villany,  
And returns his thanks devoutly when 'tis acted.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. V.

———He was a man

Versed in the world as pilot in his compass.  
The needle pointed ever to that interest  
Which was his loadstar, and he spread his sails  
With vantage to the gale of others' passion.

*The Deceiver—a Tragedy.*

## CHAP. VII.

———This is he

Who rides on the court-gale; controls its tides;  
Knows all their secret shoals and fatal eddies;

Whose frown abases, and whose smile exalts.

He shines like any rainbow—and, perchance,

His colours are as transient.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIV.

This is rare news thou tell'st me, my good fellow ;

There are two bulls fierce battling on the green

For one fair heifer—if the one goes down,

The dale will be more peaceful, and the herd,

Which have small interest in their brulziement,

May pasture there in peace.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVII.

Well, then, our course is chosen—spread the  
sail,—

Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well ;

Look to the helm, good master—many a shoal

Marks this stern coast, and rocks, where sits the  
siren,

Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.

•  
*The Shipwreck.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Now God be good to me in this wild pilgrimage !

All hope in human aid I cast behind me.

O, who would be a woman ? who that fool,

A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman ?

She hath hard measure still where she hopes  
kindest,

And all her bounties only make ingrates.

*Love's Pilgrimage—not Fletcher's.*

## CHAP. XXV.

Hark ! the bells summon, and the bugle calls,  
 But she the fairest answers not—the tide  
 Of nobles and of ladies throngs the halls,  
 But she the loveliest must in secret hide.  
 What eyes were thine, proud Prince, which in  
                   the gleam

Of yon gay meteors lost that better sense,  
 That o'er the glow-worm doth the star esteem,  
 And merit's modest blush o'er courtly insolence ?

*The Glass Slipper.*

## CHAP. XXVIII.

What, man, ne'er lack a draught, when the full  
                   can

Stands at thine elbow, and craves emptying !—  
 Nay, fear not me, for I have no delight  
 To watch men's vices, since I have myself  
 Of virtue nought to boast of—I'm a striker,  
 Would have the world strike with me, pell-mell,  
                   all.

*Pandæmonium.*

## CHAP. XXIX.

Now fare thee well, my master—if true service  
 Be guerdon'd with hard looks, e'en cut the tow-  
                   line,

And let our barks across the pathless flood  
 Hold different courses——

*Shipwreck.*



## CHAP. XXX.

Now bid the steeple rock—she comes, she comes !  
Speak for us, bells ! speak for us, shrill-tongued  
tuckets.

Stand to thy linstock, gunner ; let thy cannon  
Play such a peal, as if a Paynim foe  
Came stretch'd in turban'd ranks to storm the  
ramparts.

We will have pageants too—but that craves wit ;  
And I'm a rough-hewn soldier.

*The Virgin-Queen, a Tragi-Comedy.*

## CHAP. XXXII.

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,  
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword  
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,  
Which better had been branded by the hangman.  
What then ? Kings do their best,—and they and  
we

Must answer for the intent, and not the event.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXIII.

Here stands the victim—there the proud betrayer,  
E'en as the hind pull'd down by strangling dogs  
Lies at the hunter's feet—who courteous proffers  
To some high dame, the Dian of the chase,  
To whom he looks for guerdon, his sharp blade,  
To gash the sobbing throat.

*The Woodsman.*

## CHAP. XL.

High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,  
And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows—  
So truth prevails o'er falsehood. *Old Play.*

## FROM THE PIRATE.

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### (1.) THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST.

“A Norwegian invocation, still preserved in the island of Uist, under the name of the Song of the Reim-kennar, though some call it the Song of the Tempest. The following is a free translation, it being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry:”—

#### 1.

STERN eagle of the far northwest,  
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,  
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,  
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer  
    of navies,  
Thou the breaker down of towers,  
Amidst the scream of thy rage,  
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,  
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a per-  
    ishing nation,  
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar  
    of ten thousand waves,  
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,  
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

## 2.

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,  
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their  
    uprooted stems ;  
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,  
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,  
And she has struck to thee the topsail  
That she had not veil'd to a royal armada ;  
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest  
    among the clouds,  
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former  
    days,  
And the cope-stone of the turret  
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth ;  
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of  
    clouds,  
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

## 3.

There are verses that can stop the stag in the  
    forest,  
Ay, and when the dark-colour'd dog is opening  
    on his track ;  
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause  
    on his wing,  
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the  
    jesses,  
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler.  
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drown-  
    ing mariner,

And the crash of the ravaged forest,  
And the groan of the overwhelm'd crowds,  
When the church hath fallen in the moment of  
prayer ;  
There are sounds which thou also must list,  
When they are chanted by the voice of the Reim-  
kennar.

## 4.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,  
The widows wring their hands on the beach ;  
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,  
The husbandman folds his arms in despair ;  
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,  
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength ;  
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,  
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armory of Odin  
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the  
northwestern heaven,—  
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

## 5.

Eagle of the far northwestern waters,  
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,  
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,  
And folded them in peace by thy side.  
My blessing be on thy retiring path ;  
When thou stoopest from thy place on high,  
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the un-  
known ocean,

Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee ;  
Eagle of the northwest, thou hast heard the voice  
of the Reim-kennar. *Chap. vi.*

---

(2.) HALCRO'S SONG.

MARY.

FAREWELL to Northmaven,  
Grey Hillswicke, farewell !  
To the calms of thy haven,  
The storms on thy fell—  
To each breeze that can vary  
The mood of thy main,  
And to thee, bonny Mary !  
We meet not again.

Farewell the wild ferry,  
Which Hacon could brave,  
When the peaks of the Skerry  
Were white in the wave.  
There's a maid may look over  
These wild waves in vain—  
For the skiff of her lover—  
He comes not again.

The vows thou hast broke,  
On the wild currents fling them ;  
On the quicksand and rock  
Let the mermaidens sing them.

New sweetness they'll give her  
    Bewildering strain ;  
But there's one who will never  
    Believe them again.

O were there an island,  
    Though ever so wild,  
Where woman could smile, and  
    No man be beguiled—  
Too tempting a snare  
    To poor mortals were given,  
And the hope would fix there,  
    That should anchor on heaven.

*Chap. xii.*

---

(3.) THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

THE sun is rising dimly red,  
The wind is wailing low and dread,  
From his cliff the eagle sallies,  
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys ;  
In the mist the ravens hover,  
Peep the wild-dogs from the cover,  
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,  
Each in his wild accents telling,  
“ Soon we feast on dead and dying,  
Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying.”

Many a crest in air is streaming,  
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,

Many an arm the axe uprears,  
Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.  
All along the crowded ranks,  
Horses neigh and armour clanks ;  
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,  
Louder still the bard is singing,  
“ Gather, footmen ; gather, horsemen,  
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen !

“ Halt ye not for food or slumber,  
View not vantage, count not number ;  
Jolly reapers, forward still,  
Grow the crop on vale or hill,  
Thick or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,  
It shall down before the scythe.  
Forward with your sickles bright,  
Reap the harvest of the fight.—  
Onward, footmen—onward, horsemen,  
To the charge—ye gallant Norsemen !

“ Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,  
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter ;  
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—  
Victory, and wealth, and glory ;  
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,  
Her ever-circling mead and ale,  
Where for eternity unite  
The joys of wassail and of fight.  
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,  
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen !”—

*Chap. xv.*



(4.) SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND  
MERMEN.

MERMAID.

FATHOMS deep beneath the wave,  
Stringing beads of glistening pearl,  
Singing the achievements brave  
Of many an old Norwegian earl ;  
Dwelling where the tempest's raving,  
Falls as light upon our ear,  
As the sigh of lover, craving  
Pity from his lady dear,  
Children of wild Thule, we,  
From the deep caves of the sea,  
As the lark springs from the lea,  
Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN.

From reining of the water-horse,  
That bounded till the waves were foaming,  
Watching the infant tempest's course,  
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming ;  
From winding charge-notes on the shell,  
When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,  
Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,  
When the winds and waves are cruel ;  
Children of wild Thule, we  
Have plough'd such furrows on the sea,  
As the steer draws on the lea,  
And hither we come to share your glee.

## MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

We heard you in our twilight caves,  
A hundred fathom deep below,  
For notes of joy can pierce the waves,  
That drown each sound of war and woe.  
Those who dwell beneath the sea,  
Love the sons of Thule well ;  
Thus, to aid your mirth, bring we  
Dance, and song, and sounding shell.  
Children of dark Thule, know,  
Those who dwell by haaf and vœ,  
Where your daring shallops row,  
Come to share the festal show.

*Chap. xvi.*

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## (5.) NORNA'S VERSES.

For leagues along the watery way,  
Through gulf and stream my course has been ;  
The billows know my Runic lay,  
And smooth their crests to silent green.

The billows know my Runic lay,—  
The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still ;  
But human hearts, more wild than they,  
Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,  
To tell my woes,—and one alone ;

When gleams this magic lamp, 'tis here,—  
When dies the mystic light, 'tis gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail !  
The lamp is lit, the flame is clear,—  
To you I come to tell my tale,  
Awake, arise, my tale to hear !

---

Dwellers of the mountain, rise,  
Trolld the powerful, Haims the wise !  
Ye who taught weak woman's tongue  
Words that sway the wise and strong,—  
Ye who taught weak woman's hand  
How to wield the magic wand,  
And wake the gales on Foulah's steep,  
Or lull wild Sumburgh's waves to sleep !  
Still are ye yet?—Not yours the power  
Ye knew in Odin's mightier hour.  
What are ye now but empty names,  
Powerful Trolld, sagacious Haims,  
That, lightly spoken, and lightly heard,  
Float on the air like thistle's beard ?

---

When I awoke, I saw, through the dim light which  
the upper aperture admitted, the unshapely and  
indistinct form of Trolld the dwarf. . . . He spoke,

and his words were of Norse, so old, that few, save my father, or I myself, could have comprehended their import.

A thousand winters dark have flown,  
 Since o'er the threshold of my stone  
 A vötaress pass'd, my power to own.  
 Visiter bold

Of the mansion of Trolld,  
     Maiden haughty of heart,  
 Who hast hither presum'd,—  
 Ungifted, undoom'd,

    Thou shalt not depart.

The power thou dost covet

    O'er tempest and wave,

Shall be thine, thou proud maiden,

    By beach and by cave.—

By stack,<sup>1</sup> and by skerry,<sup>2</sup> by noup,<sup>3</sup> and by voe,<sup>4</sup>  
 By air,<sup>5</sup> and by wick,<sup>6</sup> and by helyer<sup>7</sup> and gio,<sup>8</sup>  
 And by every wild shore which the northern winds  
     know,

And the northern tides lave.

<sup>1</sup> A precipitous rock, rising out of the sea.

<sup>2</sup> A flat insulated rock, not subject to the overflowing of the sea.

<sup>3</sup> A round-headed eminence.

<sup>4</sup> A creek or inlet of sea.

<sup>5</sup> An open sea-beach.

<sup>6</sup> An open bay.

<sup>7</sup> A cavern into which the tide flows.

<sup>8</sup> A deep ravine which admits the sea.

But though this shall be given thee, thou desperately brave,  
I doom thee that never the gift thou shalt have,  
Till thou reave thy life's giver  
Of the gift which he gave.

I answered him in nearly the same strain.

Dark are thy words, and severe,  
Thou dweller in the stone ;  
But trembling and fear  
To her are unknown,  
Who hath sought thee here,  
In thy dwelling lone.  
Come what comes soever,  
The worst I can endure ;  
Life is but a short fever,  
And Death is the cure.

*Chap. xix.*

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(6.) HALCRO AND NORNA.

CLAUD HALCRO.

MOTHER darksome, Mother dread,  
Dweller on the Fitful-head,  
Thou canst see what deeds are done  
Under the never-setting sun.  
Look through sleet, and look through frost,  
Look to Greenland's caves and coast,—

By the iceberg is a sail  
Chasing of the swarthy whale ;  
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
Tell us, has the good ship sped ?

## NORNA.

The thought of the aged is ever on gear,—  
On his fishing, his furrow, his flock, and his steer ;  
But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and herd,  
While the aged for anguish shall tear his gray  
beard.

The ship, well-laden as bark need be,  
Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea ;—  
The breeze from Zetland blows fair and soft,  
And gaily the garland is fluttering aloft :  
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,  
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast ;  
Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,—  
And three for Burgh-Westra, the choicest of all.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
Thou hast conn'd full many a rhyme,  
That lives upon the surge of time :  
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,  
Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,  
Long after Halcro's dead and gone ?  
Or, shall Hialtland's minstrel own  
One note to rival glorious John ?

## NORNA.

The infant loves the rattle's noise ;  
 Age, double childhood, hath its toys ;  
 But different far the descant rings,  
 As strikes a different hand the strings.  
 The eagle mounts the polar sky—  
 The Imber-geese, unskill'd to fly,  
 Must be content to glide along,  
 Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

## CLAUD HALCRO.

Be mine the Imber-geese to play,  
 And haunt lone cave and silent bay ;  
 The archer's aim so shall I shun—  
 So shall I 'scape the levell'd gun—  
 Content my verses' tuneless jingle,  
 With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,  
 While, to the ear of wondering wight,  
 Upon the distant headland's height,  
 Soften'd by murmur of the sea,  
 The rude sounds seem like harmony !

\* \* \* \* \*

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
 Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
 A gallant bark from far abroad,  
 Saint Magnus hath her in his road,  
 With guns and firelocks not a few—  
 A silken and a scarlet crew,  
 Deep stored with precious merchandise,  
 Of gold, and goods of rare device :

What interest hath our comrade bold  
In bark and crew, in goods and gold?

NORNA.

Gold is ruddy, fair, and free,  
Blood is crimson, and dark to see ;—  
I look'd out on Saint Magnus bay,  
And I saw a falcon that struck her prey,—  
A gobbet of flesh in her beak she bore,  
And talons and singles are dripping with gore ;  
Let him that asks after them look on his hand,  
And if there is blood on't, he's one of their band.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,  
Dweller of the Fitful-head,  
Well thou know'st it is thy task  
To tell what Beauty will not ask ;—  
Then steep thy words in wine and milk,  
And weave a doom of gold and silk,—  
For we would know, shall Brenda prove  
In love, and happy in her love?

NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast  
Is like the snow on Rona's crest,  
High seated in the middle sky,  
In bright and barren purity ;  
But by the sunbeam gently kiss'd,  
Scarce by the gazing eye 'tis miss'd,



Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,  
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,  
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,  
And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

## MAGNUS TROIL.

Mother, speak, and do not tarry,  
Here's a maiden fain would marry.  
Shall she marry, ay or not?  
If she marry, what's her lot?

## NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast  
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;  
So pure, so free from earthly dye,  
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,  
Part of the heaven to which 'tis nigh;  
But passion, like the wild March rain,  
May soil the wreath with many a stain.  
We gaze—the lovely vision's gone—  
A torrent fills the bed of stone,  
That, hurrying to destruction's shock,  
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.

*Chap. xxi.*

## (7.) THE FISHERMEN'S SONG.

“ While they were yet within hearing of the shore,  
they chanted an ancient Norse ditty, appropriate to  
the occasion, of which Claud Halcro had executed  
the following literal translation :”—

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,  
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the  
    Haaf;  
And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,  
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness  
    again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal,  
We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise  
    and seal;  
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,  
And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits  
    by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like  
    thee,  
By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the  
    sea;  
And when twenty-score fishes are straining our  
    line,  
Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be  
    thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing when we  
 haul,  
 For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all  
 There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the  
 carle,  
 And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of  
 the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the  
 Haaf,  
 We shall sooner come back to the dance and the  
 laugh;  
 For life without mirth is a lamp without oil;  
 Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus  
 Troil!

*Chap. xxii.*

# (8.) CLEVELAND'S SONGS.

## 1.

LOVE wakes and weeps  
 While Beauty sleeps :  
 O for Music's softest numbers,  
 To prompt a theme,  
 For Beauty's dream,  
 Soft as the pillow of her slumbers !

## 2.

Through groves of palm  
 Sigh gales of balm,  
 Fire-flies on the air are wheeling ;

While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

## 3.

O wake and live !  
No dream can give  
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling ;  
No longer sleep,  
From lattice peep,  
And list the tale that Love is telling.

---

Farewell ! farewell ! the voice you hear,  
Has left its last soft tone with you,—  
Its next must join the seaward cheer,  
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form  
Beneath your frown's controlling check,  
Must give the word, above the storm,  
To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—  
The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,  
Must point the guns upon the chase—  
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,—  
Honour, or own, a long adieu !  
To all that life has soft and dear,  
Farewell! save memory of you !

---

(9.) HALCRO'S VERSES.

AND you shall deal the funeral dole ;  
Ay, deal it, mother mine,  
To weary body, and to heavy soul,  
The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride ;  
Ay, deal them, mother mine ;  
And you shall deal my lands so wide,  
And deal my castles nine ;

But deal not vengeance for the deed,  
And deal not for the crime ;  
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's  
grace,  
And the rest in God's own time.

---

Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of treason ;  
Saint Roman rebuke thee, with rhyme and with  
reason ;

By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint  
Mary,

Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou  
tarry !

If of good, go hence and hallow thee,—

If of ill, let the earth swallow thee,

If thou'rt of air, let the gray mist fold thee —

If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee ;—

If a Pixie, seek thy ring :—

If a Nixie, seek thy spring ;—

If on middle earth thou'st been

Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,

Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,

And dree'd the lot which men call life ;

Begone to thy stone ! for thy coffin is scant of thee,

The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want of  
thee :—

Hence, houseless ghost ! let the earth hide thee,

Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there  
thou bide thee !—

Phantom, fly hence ! take the Cross for a token,

Hence pass till Hallowmass !—my spell is spoken.

---

Where corpse-light

Dances bright,

Be it by day or night,

Be it by light or dark,

There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

---

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,  
Till the first beam tinge the skies ;  
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,  
Till the sun has kiss'd the rose ;  
Maiden's foot we should not view,  
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,  
Till the opening flowerets spread  
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

*Chap. xxiii.*

---

(10.) NORNA'S INCANTATIONS.

CHAMPION, famed for warlike toil,  
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil ?  
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,  
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.  
Who dared touch the wild bear's skin  
Ye slumber'd on, while life was in ?—  
A woman now, or babe, may come  
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight  
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight !  
I come not with unhallow'd tread,  
To wake the slumbers of the dead,  
Or lay thy giant relics bare ;  
But what I seek thou well canst spare.  
Be it to my hand allow'd  
To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud ;  
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough  
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife —  
Never while thou wert in life,  
Laidst thou still for sloth or fear,  
When point and edge were glittering near :  
See, the cerements now I sever—  
Waken now, or sleep for ever !  
Thou wilt not wake—the deed is done !—  
The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the sea  
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,—  
And while afar its billows foam,  
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.  
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks—for this the might  
Of wild winds raging at their height,  
When to thy place of slumber nigh,  
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,  
Norna of the Fitful-head,  
Mighty in her own despite,—  
Miserable in her might ;  
In despair and frenzy great,  
In her greatness desolate ;  
Wisest, wickedest who lives,  
Well can keep the word she gives.

*Chap. xxv.*

At the meeting with Minna.

Thou, so needful, yet so dread,  
With cloudy crest, and wing of red ;



Thou, without whose genial breath  
The North would sleep the sleep of death;  
Who deign'st to warm the cottage hearth,  
Yet hurls proud palaces to earth,—  
Brightest, keenest of the Powers,  
Which form and rule this world of ours,  
With my rhyme of Runic, I  
Thank thee for thy agency.

---

Old Reimkennar, to thy art  
Mother Hertha sends her part;  
She, whose gracious bounty gives  
Needful food for all that lives.  
From the deep mine of the North,  
Came the mystic metal forth,  
Doom'd amidst disjointed stones,  
Long to cere a champion's bones,  
Disinhumed my charms to aid—  
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

---

Girdle of our islands dear,  
Element of Water, hear!  
Thou whose power can overwhelm  
Broken mounds and ruin'd realm  
    On the lowly Belgian strand;  
All thy fiercest rage can never  
Of our soil a furlong sever  
    From our rock-defended land;

Play then gently thou thy part,  
To assist old Norna's art.

---

Elements, each other greeting,  
Gifts and powers attend your meeting!

---

Thou, that over billows dark  
Safely send'st the fisher's bark,—  
Giving him a path and motion  
Through the wilderness of ocean;  
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,  
O'er the shelves canst drive the navy,—  
Did'st thou chafe as one neglected,  
While thy brethren were respected?  
To appease thee, see, I tear  
This full grasp of grizzled hair;  
Oft thy breath hath through it sung,  
Softening to my magic tongue,—  
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly  
Through the wide expanse of sky,  
'Mid the countless swarms to sail  
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale;  
Take thy portion and rejoice,—  
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!

---

She who sits by haunted well,  
Is subject to the Nixies' spell;

She who walks on lonely beach,  
To the Mermaid's charmed speech ;  
She who walks round ring of green,  
Offends the peevish Fairy Queen ;  
And she who takes rest in the Dwarfie's cave,  
A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,  
Minna Troil has braved all this and more ;  
And yet hath the root of her sorrow and ill  
A source that's more deep and more mystical  
still.—

Thou art within a demon's hold,  
More wise than Heims, more strong than Trolld ;  
No siren sings so sweet as he,—  
No fay springs lighter on the lea ;  
No elfin power hath half the art  
To soothe, to move, to wring the heart,—  
Life-blood from the cheek to drain,  
Drench the eye, and dry the vein.  
Maiden, ere we farther go,  
Dost thou note me, ay or no ?

MINNA.

I mark thee, my mother, both word, look, and sign ;  
Speak on with thy riddle—to read it be mine.

NORNA.

Mark me ! for the word I speak  
Shall bring the colour to thy cheek.

This leaden heart, so light of cost,  
The symbol of a treasure lost,  
Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,  
That the cause of your sickness and sorrow may  
cease,

When crimson foot meets crimson hand  
In the Martyr's Aisle, and in Orkney land.  
Be patient, be patient, for Patience hath power  
To ward us in danger, like mantle in shower ;  
A fairy gift you best may hold  
In a chain of fairy gold ;  
The chain and the gift are each a true token,  
That not without warrant old Norna hath spoken ;  
But thy nearest and dearest must never behold  
them,  
Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told  
them.

*Chap. xxviii.*

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(11.) BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S ADVERTISE-  
MENT.

POOR sinners whom the snake deceives,  
Are fain to cover them with leaves.  
Zetland hath no leaves, 'tis true,  
Because that trees are none, or few ;  
But we have flax and taits of woo',  
For linen cloth, and wadmaal blue ;  
And we have many of foreign knacks  
Of finer waft than woo' or flax.

Ye gallanty Lambmas lads appear,  
And bring your Lambmas sisters here,  
Bryce Snailsfoot spares not cost or care,  
To pleasure every gentle pair.

*Chap. xxxii.*

---

(12.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. II.

'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo,  
The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,  
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views  
And smoother waves deny him.

*Ancient Drama.*

CHAP. IV.

This is no pilgrim's morning—yon gray mist  
Lies upon hill, and dale, and field, and forest,  
Like the dun wimple of a new-made widow ;  
And, by my faith, although my heart be soft,  
I'd rather hear that widow weep and sigh,  
And tell the virtues of the dear departed,  
Than, when the tempest sends his voice abroad,  
Be subject to its fury.

*The Double Nuptials.*

CHAP. VII.

She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean ;  
Engulphing those she strangles, her wild womb

Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,  
Their death at once, and sepulchre.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. IX.

This is a gentle trader, and a prudent.  
He's no Autolycus, to blear your eye,  
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesomeness ;  
But seasons all his glittering merchandise  
With wholesome doctrines suited to the use,  
As men sauce goose with sage and rosemary.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XI.

— All your ancient customs,  
And long-descended usages, I'll change.  
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move,  
Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do ;  
Even your marriage-beds shall know mutation ;  
The bride shall have the stock, the groom the  
wall ;

For all old practice will I turn and change,  
And call it reformation—marry, will I !

*'Tis Even that we're at Odds.*

CHAP. XIV.

We'll keep our customs—what is law itself,  
But old establish'd custom ? What religion,  
(I mean, with one-half of the men that use it,)  
Save the good use and wont that carries them

To worship how and where their fathers wor-  
shipp'd?

All things resolve in custom—we'll keep ours.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVII.

They man their boats, and all the young men  
arm,

With whatsoever might the monsters harm ;  
Pikes, halberds, spits, and darts, that wound afar,  
The tools of peace, and implements of war.

Now was the time for vigorous lads to show  
What love or honour could incite them to ;—

A goodly theatre, where rocks are round  
With reverend age and lovely lasses crown'd.

*Battle of the Summer Islands.*

CHAP. XXIII.

There was shaking of hands, and sorrow of heart,  
For the hour was approaching when merry folks  
must part ;

So we call'd for our horses, and ask'd for our  
way,

While the jolly old landlord said “ Nothing's to  
pay.”

*Lilliput, a Poem.*

CHAP. XXV.

—— I do love these ancient ruins !  
We never tread upon them but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history,

And, questionless, here, in this open court,  
(Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather,) some men lie interr'd,  
Loved the Church so well, and gave so largely to  
it,  
They thought it should have canopied their bones  
Till doomsday ;—but all things have their end—  
Churches, and cities, which have diseases like to  
men,  
Must have like death which we have.

*Duchess of Malfy.*

CHAP. XXIX.

See yonder woman, whom our swains revere,  
And dread in secret, while they take her counsel  
When sweetheart shall be kind, or when cross  
dame shall die ;  
Where lurks the thief who stole the silver tank-  
ard,  
And how the pestilent murrain may be cured.—  
This sage adviser's mad, stark mad, my friend ;  
Yet, in her madness, hath the art and cunning  
To wring fools' secrets from their inmost bosoms,  
And pay inquirers with the coin they gave her.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXX.

What ho, my jovial mates ! come on ! we'll frolic  
it  
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine,



Seen by the curtal friar, who, from some christen-  
 ing,  
 Or some blithe bridal, hies belated cell-ward—  
 He starts, and changes his bold bottle swagger  
 To churchman's pace professional,—and, ransack-  
 ing  
 His treacherous memory for some holy hymn,  
 Finds but the roundel of the midnight catch.  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXII.

I strive like to the vessel in the tide-way,  
 Which, lacking favouring breeze, hath not the  
 power  
 To stem the powerful current.—Even so,  
 Resolving daily to forsake my vices,  
 Habits, strong circumstance, renew'd temptation,  
 Sweep me to sea again.—O heavenly breath,  
 Fill thou my sails, and aid the feeble vessel,  
 Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without  
 thee !

*'Tis Odds when Evens meet.*

## CHAP. XXXIII.

Parental love, my friend, has power o'er wisdom,  
 And is the charm, which, like the falconer's lure,  
 Can bring from heaven the highest soaring  
 spirits.—  
 So, when famed Prosper doff'd his magic robe,  
 It was Miranda pluck'd it from his shoulders.  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXIV.

Hark to the insult loud, the bitter sneer,  
The fierce threat answering to the brutal jeer ;  
Oaths fly like pistol-shots, and vengeful words  
Clash with each other like conflicting swords.—  
The robber's quarrel by such sounds is shown,  
And true men have some chance to gain their  
own.

*Captivity, a Poem.*

## FROM THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

---

### NIGEL'S INITIATION AT WHITEFRIARS.

YOUR suppliant, by name  
Nigel Grahame,  
In fear of mishap  
From a shoulder-tap ;  
And dreading a claw  
From the talons of law,  
That are sharper than briars ;  
His freedom to sue,  
And rescue by you—  
Through weapon and wit,  
From warrant and writ,  
From bailiff's hand,  
From tipstaff's wand,  
Is come hither to Whitefriars.

---

By spigot and barrel,  
By bilboe and buff ;

Thou art sworn to the quarrel  
Of the blades of the Huff.  
For Whitefriars and its claims  
To be champion or martyr,  
And to fight for its dames  
Like a Knight of the Garter.

---

From the touch of the tip,  
From the blight of the warrant,  
From the watchmen who skip  
On the Harman Beck's errand,  
From the bailiff's cramp speech,  
That makes man a thrall,  
I charm thee from each,  
And I charm thee from all.  
Thy freedom's complete  
As a blade of the Huff.  
To be cheated and cheat,  
To be cuff'd and to cuff;  
To stride, swear, and swagger,  
To drink till you stagger,  
To stare and to stab,  
And to brandish your dagger  
In the cause of your drab;  
To walk wool-ward in winter,  
Drink brandy, and smoke,  
And go *fresco* in summer  
For want of a cloak;

To eke out your living  
 By the wag of your elbow,  
 By fulham and gourd,  
 And by baring of bilboe ;  
 To live by your shifts,  
 And to swear by your honour,  
 Are the freedom and gifts  
 Of which I am the donor.

*Chap. xvii.*

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## MOTTOES.

### CHAP. I.

Now Scot and English are agreed,  
 And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed,  
 Where, such the splendours that attend him,  
 His very mother scarce had ken'd him.  
 His metamorphosis behold,  
 From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold ;  
 His back-sword, with the iron hilt,  
 To rapier, fairly hatch'd and gilt ;  
 Was ever seen a gallant braver !  
 His very bonnet's grown a beaver.

*The Reformation.*

### CHAP. II.

This, sir, is one among the Seignory,  
 Has wealth at will, and will to use his wealth,

And wit to increase it. Marry, his worst folly  
Lies in a thriftless sort of charity,  
That goes a-gadding sometimes after objects  
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon  
them.

*The Old Couple.*

CHAP. IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftentimes craft in't,  
As says the rustic proverb, and your citizen,  
In's gogram suit, gold chain, and well-black'd  
shoes,

Bears under his flat cap oftentimes a brain  
Wiser than burns beneath the cap and feather,  
Or seethes within the statesman's velvet nightcap.

*Read me my Riddle.*

CHAP. V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?  
Certain 'tis the rarest sport;  
There are silks and jewels glistening,  
Prattling fools, and wise men listening,  
Bullies among brave men justling,  
Beggars amongst nobles bustling;  
Low-breathed talkers, minion lispers,  
Cutting honest throats by whispers;  
Wherefore come ye not to court?  
Skelton swears 'tis glorious sport.

*Skelton Skeltonizeth.*

## CHAP. VI.

Oh, I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon  
 Which our court wits will wet their lips withal,  
 When they would sauce their honied conversation  
 With somewhat sharper flavour.—Marry, sir,  
 That virtue's well-nigh left him—all the juice  
 That was so sharp and poignant, is squeezed out,  
 While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,  
 Must season soon the draff we give our grunterns,  
 For two-legged things are weary on't.

*The Chamberlain—A Comedy.*

## CHAP. VII.

Things needful we have thought on ; but the thing  
 Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,  
 As if alone it merited regard,  
 The ONE thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.

*The Chamberlain.*

## CHAP. VIII.

Ay ! mark the matron well—and laugh not, Harry,  
 At her old steeple-hat and velvet guard—  
 I've call'd her like the ear of Dionysius ;  
 I mean that ear-form'd vault, built o'er his dun-  
     geon,  
 To catch the groans and discontented murmurs  
 Of his poor bondsmen.—Even so doth Martha  
 Drink up, for her own purpose, all that passes,

Or is supposed to pass, in this wide city—  
She can retail it, too, if that her profit  
Shall call on her to do so ; and retail it  
For your advantage, so that you can make  
Your profit jump with hers.

*The Conspiracy.*

CHAP. X.

Bid not thy fortune troll upon the wheels  
Of yonder dancing cubes of mottled bone ;  
And drown it not, like Egypt's royal harlot,  
Dissolving her rich pearl in the brimm'd winecup.  
These are the arts, Lothario, which shrink acres  
Into brief yards—bring sterling pounds to far-  
things,  
Credit to infamy ; and the poor gull,  
Who might have lived an honour'd, easy life,  
To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

*The Changes.*

CHAP. XII.

—— This is the very barn-yard,  
Where muster daily the prime cocks o' the game,  
Ruffle their pinions, crow till they are hoarse,  
And spar about a barleycorn. Here, too, chick-  
ens,  
The callow, unfledged brood of forward folly,  
Learn first to rear the crest, and aim the spur,  
And tune their note like full-plumed Chanticleer.

*The Bear-Garden.*



## CHAP. XIII.

Let the proud salmon gorge the feather'd hook,  
Then strike, and then you have him. He will  
wince ;

Spin out your line that it shall whistle from you  
Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have him—  
Marry ! you must have patience—the stout rock  
Which is his trust, hath edges something sharp ;  
And the deep pool hath ooze and sludge enough  
To mar your fishing—'less you are more careful.

*Albion, or the Double Kings.*

## CHAP. XIV.

Bingo, why, Bingo ! hey, boy—here, sir, here—  
He's gone and off, but he'll be home before us ;—  
'Tis the most wayward cur e'er mumbled bone,  
Or dogg'd a master's footstep.—Bingo loves me,  
Better than beggar ever loved his alms ;  
Yet, when he takes such humour, you may coax  
Sweet Mistress Fantasy, your worship's mistress,  
Out of her sullen moods, as soon as Bingo.

*The Dominie and his Dog.*

## CHAP. XVI.

Give way—give way—I must and will have  
justice.

And tell me not of privilege and place :  
Where I am injured, there I'll sue redress.  
Look to it, every one who bars my access ;

I have a heart to feel the injury,  
A hand to right myself, and, by my honour,  
That hand shall grasp what gray-beard Law  
denies me. *The Chamberlain.*

## CHAP. XVII.

Come hither, young one—Mark me ! Thou art  
now

'Mongst men o' the sword, that live by reputation  
More than by constant income—Single-suited  
They are, I grant you ; yet each single suit  
Maintains, on the rough guess, a thousand follow-  
ers—

And they be men, who, hazarding their all,  
Needful apparel, necessary income,  
And human body, and immortal soul, •  
Do in the very deed but hazard nothing—  
So strictly is that ALL bound in reversion ;  
Clothes to the broker, income to the usurer,—  
And body to disease, and soul to the foul fiend ;  
Who laughs to see Soldadoes and Fooladoes,  
Play better than himself his game on earth.

*The Mohocks.*

## CHAP. XVIII.

*Mother.*—What ! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's  
mirror,  
With which the boy, as mortal urchins wont,  
Flings back the sunbeam in the eye of passengers—  
Then laughs to see them stumble !

*Daughter.*—Mother ! no—

It was a lightning-flash which dazzled me,  
And never shall these eyes see true again.

*Beef and Pudding—An Old English Comedy.*

#### CHAP. XIX.

By this good light, a wench of matchless metal !  
This were a leaguer-lass to love a soldier,  
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,  
And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,  
Though the rough foeman's drums were beat so  
nigh,  
They seem'd to bear the burden.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XX.

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,  
Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat.  
False man hath sworn, and woman hath be-  
lieved—  
Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once  
more.

*The New World.*

#### CHAP. XXI.

Rove not from pole to pole—the man lives here  
Whose razor's only equall'd by his beer ;  
And where, in either sense, the cockney-put  
May, if he pleases, get confounded *cut*.

*On the Sign of an Alehouse kept by a Barber.*

## CHAP. XXII.

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the  
breeze ;

But if the pilot slumber at the helm,  
The very wind that wafts us towards the port  
May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's  
part is vigilance,  
Blow it or rough or smooth.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXIII.

*Swash-Buckler.*—Bilboe's the word—

*Pierrot.*—It hath been spoke too often,  
The spell hath lost its charm—I tell thee, friend,  
The meanest cur that trots the street, will turn  
And snarl against your proffer'd bastinado.

*Swash-Buckler.*—'Tis art shall do it, then—I  
will dose the mongrels—  
Or, in plain terms, I'll use the private knife  
'Stead of the brandish'd falchion.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

This is the time—Heaven's maiden-sentinel  
Hath quitted her high watch—the lesser spangles  
Are paling one by one ; give me the ladder  
And the short lever—bid Anthony  
Keep with his carabine the wicket-gate ;  
And do thou bare thy knife and follow me,

For we will in and do it—darkness like this  
Is dawning of our fortunes.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXV.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,  
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,  
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call  
Unlooses all our favourite ties on earth;  
And well if they are such as may be answer'd  
In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVI.

Give us good voyage, gentle stream—we stun not  
Thy sober ear with sounds of revelry;  
Wake not the slumbering echoes of thy banks  
With voice of flute and horn—we do but seek  
On the broad pathway of thy swelling bosom  
To glide in silent safety.

*The Double Bridal.*

CHAP. XXVII.

This way lie safety and a sure retreat;  
Yonder lie danger, shame, and punishment.  
Most welcome danger then—Nay, let me say,  
Though spoke with swelling heart—welcome e'en  
shame;  
And welcome punishment—for, call me guilty,  
I do but pay the tax that's due to justice;

And call me guiltless, then that punishment  
Is shame to those alone who do inflict it.

*The Tribunal.*

CHAP. XXIX.

How fares the man on whom good men would  
look

With eyes where scorn and censure combated,  
But that kind Christian love hath taught the  
lesson—

That they who merit most contempt and hate,  
Do most deserve our pity.—

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXI.

Marry, come up, sir, with your gentle blood !  
Here's a red stream beneath this coarse blue  
doublet,

That warms the heart as kindly as if drawn  
From the far source of old Assyrian kings,  
Who first made mankind subject to their sway.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXV.

We are not worst at once—the course of evil  
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,  
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay ;  
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy—  
Ay, and religion too—shall strive in vain  
To turn the headlong torrent.

*Old Play.*

## FROM PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

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### MOTTOES. .

#### CHAP. II.

WHY, then, we will have bellowing of beeves,  
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of spigots ;  
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall be gore  
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,  
Join'd to the brave heart's-blood of John-a-Barley-  
corn !

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. III.

Here's neither want of appetite nor mouths ;  
Pray Heaven we be not scant of meat or mirth.

*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. IV.

No, sir,—I will not pledge—I'm one of those  
Who thinks good wine needs neither bush nor  
preface

To make it welcome. If you doubt my word,  
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will choke on't.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. VI.

You shall have no worse prison than my chamber,  
Nor jailer than myself.

*The Captain.*

## CHAP. XVI.

*Ascasto.* Can she not speak ?

*Oswald.* If speech be only in accented sounds,  
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's  
dumb ;

But if by quick and apprehensive look,  
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each  
meaning,

Express as clothed in language, be term'd  
speech,

She hath that wondrous faculty ; for her eyes,  
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold  
discourse,

Though it be mute and soundless.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XVII.

This a love-meeting ? See the maiden mourns,  
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.  
There's more hath pass'd between them than  
belongs  
To Love's sweet sorrows.

*Old Play.*



## CHAP. XIX.

Now, hoist the anchor, mates—and let the sails  
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,  
Like lass that woos a lover.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXII.

He was a fellow in a peasant's garb ;  
Yet one could censure you a woodcock's carving,  
Like any courtier at the ordinary.

*The Ordinary.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream,  
Which glide, and sigh, and sign, and move their  
    lips,  
But make no sound ; or, if they utter voice,  
'Tis but a low and undistinguish'd moaning,  
Which has nor word nor sense of utter'd sound.

*The Chieftain.*

## CHAP. XXV.

The course of human life is changeful still,  
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill ;  
Or, like the light dance which the wild-breeze  
    weaves  
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves ;  
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses  
    high,

Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.  
Such, and so varied, the precarious play  
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day!

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXVI.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,  
As well as surest prompter of invention—  
Help us to composition!

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXVII.

——This is some creature of the elements,  
Most like your sea-gull. He can wheel and  
whistle  
His screaming song, e'en when the storm is  
loudest—  
Take for his sheeted couch the restless foam  
Of the wild wave-crest—slumber in the calm,  
And dally with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,  
An arrant gull, with all this.

*The Chieftain.*

CHAP. XXXI.

I fear the devil worst when gown and cassock,  
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,  
Conceals his cloven hoof.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXXIII.

'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail—Pray look on  
him,

But at a wary distance—rouse him not—

He bays not till he worries.

*The Black Dog of Newgate.*

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

“Speak not of niceness, when there’s chance of  
wreck,”

The captain said, as ladies writhed their neck

To see the dying dolphin flap the deck ;

“If we go down, on us these gentry sup ;

We dine upon them, if we haul them up.

Wise men applaud us when we eat the eaters,

As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the  
cheaters.”

*The Sea Voyage.*

## CHAP. XL.

——Contentions fierce,

Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.

*Albion.*

## CHAP. XLIII.

He came amongst them like a new-raised spirit

To speak of dreadful judgments that impend,

And of the wrath to come.

*The Reformer.*

## CHAP. XLIV.

And some for safety took the dreadful leap ;  
Some for the voice of Heaven seem'd calling on  
    them ;  
Some for advancement, or for lucre's sake—  
I leap'd in frolic.

*The Dream.*

## CHAP. XLV.

High feasting was there there—the gilded roofs  
Rung to the wassail-health—the dancer's step  
Sprung to the chord responsive—the gay gamester  
To fate's disposal flung his heap of gold,  
And laugh'd alike when it increased or lessen'd :  
Such virtue hath court-air to teach us patience  
Which schoolmen preach in vain.

*Why come ye not to Court ?*

## CHAP. XLVI.

Here stand I tight and trim,  
Quick of eye, though little of limb ;  
He who denieth the word I have spoken,  
Betwixt him and me shall lances be broken.

*Lay of the Little John de Saintre.*

## FROM QUENTIN DURWARD.

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### (1.) SONG—COUNTY GUY.

AH ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
The sun has left the lea,  
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,  
The breeze is on the sea.  
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,  
Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;  
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,  
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,  
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;  
To beauty shy, by lattice high,  
Sings high-born Cavalier.  
The star of Love, all stars above,  
Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;  
And high and low the influence know—  
But where is County Guy ?

*Chap. iv.*

## (2.) MOTTOES.

## CHAP. III.

FULL in the midst a mighty pile arose,  
Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose  
To each invading step—and, strong and steep,  
The battled walls arose, the fosse sunk deep.  
Slow round the fortress roll'd the sluggish stream,  
And high in middle air the warder's turrets gleam.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XI.

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?  
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles  
Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lend him,  
That he may look through them on lands and  
mansions,  
On jewels, gold, and all such rich dotations,  
And see their value ten times magnified?—  
Methinks 'twill brook a question.

*The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.*

## CHAP. XII.

This is a lecturer, so skill'd in policy,  
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)  
He well might read a lesson to the devil,  
And teach the old seducer new temptations.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XIV.

I see thee yet, fair France—thou favour'd land  
Of art and nature—thou art still before me ;  
Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,  
So well the grateful soil returns its tribute ;  
Thy sunburnt daughters, with their laughing eyes  
And glossy raven-locks. But, favour'd France,  
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell  
In ancient times as now.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XV.

He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,  
And one descended from those dread magicians,  
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in  
Goshen,  
With Israel and her Prophet—matching rod  
With his the sons of Levi's—and encountering  
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,  
Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,  
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,  
As wept the unletter'd peasant.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

Rescue or none, Sir Knight, I am your captive ;  
Deal with me what your nobleness suggests—  
Thinking the chance of war may one day place  
you

Where I must now be reckon'd—i' the roll  
Of melancholy prisoners.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXV.

No human quality is so well wove  
In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it ;  
I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,  
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy  
Had well-nigh been ashamed on't. For your  
crafty,  
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,  
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught  
in them.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVI.

When Princes meet, Astrologers may mark it  
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,  
Like that of Mars with Saturn.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIX.

Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest  
Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids  
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man  
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder  
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink  
Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him downward.

*Old Play.*



## CHAP. XXX.

Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,  
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXI.

Hold fast thy truth, young soldier.—Gentle  
maiden,  
Keep you your promise plight—leave age its  
subtleties,  
And gray-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood;  
But be you candid as the morning sky,  
Ere the high sun sucks vapours up to stain it.  
*The Trial.*

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## CHAP. XXXV.

'Tis brave for Beauty when the best blade wins  
her.  
*The Count Palatine.*

## FROM ST. RONAN'S WELL.

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### MOTTOES.

#### CHAP. II.

QUIS novus hic hospes ?

*Dido apud Virgilium.*

Ch'am-maid !—The Gemman in the front parlour !

*Boots's free Translation of the Eneid.*

#### CHAP. III.

There must be government in all society—  
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their  
leader ;

Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Archons,  
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.

*The Album of St. Ronans.*

#### CHAP. IX.

We meet as shadows in the land of dreams,  
Which speak not but in signs.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. X.

Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it  
Thou art of those, who better help their friends  
With sage advice, than usurers with gold,  
Or brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to thee,  
For I ask only from thee words, not deeds.

*The Devil hath met his Match.*

## CHAP. XI.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love ;  
And when I see these happy children playing,  
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets,  
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,  
I scarce can think, that in advancing life,  
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,  
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,  
Which Nature bound at birth.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXIII.

Oh ! you would be a vestal maid, I warrant,  
The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake  
your purpose :  
For here I bring in hand a jolly suitor  
Hath ta'en degrees in the seven sciences  
That ladies love best—He is young and noble,  
Handsome and valiant, gay and rich, and liberal.

*The Nun.*

## CHAP. XXVII.

Thou bear'st a precious burden, gentle post,  
Nitre and sulphur—see that it explode not.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXVIII.

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,  
When sudden whirlwinds rise ;  
As stands aghast the warrior chief  
When his base army flies.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAP. XXXII.

It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,  
The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.  
Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre !

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXIII.

On the lee-beam lies the land, boys,  
See all clear to reef each course ;  
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.

*The Storm.*

## CHAP. XXXV.

*Sedet post equitem atra cura—*

Still though the headlong cavalier,  
O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,

Seems racing with the wind ;  
His sad companion,—ghastly pale,  
And darksome as a widow's veil,  
CARE—keeps her seat behind.

*Horace.*

CHAP. XXXVIII.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the  
storm ?

For never did a maid of middle earth  
Choose such a time or spot to vent her sorrows.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXXIX.

Here come we to our close—for that which follows  
Is but the tale of dull, unvaried misery.

~~Steep~~ crags and headlong linns may court the  
pencil,

Like sudden haps, dark plots, and strange ad-  
ventures ;

But who would paint the dull and fog-wrapt moor,  
In its long track of sterile desolation ?

*Old Play.*

## FROM REDGAUNTLET.

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### A CATCH OF COWLEY'S ALTERED.

FOR all our men were very very merry,  
And all our men were drinking :  
There were two men of mine,  
Three men of thine,  
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne :  
As they went to the ferry, they were very very  
merry,  
And all our men were drinking.

Jack looked at the sun, and cried, Fire, fire, fire ;  
Tom stabled his keffel in Birkendale mire ;  
Jem started a calf, and halloo'd for a stag ;  
Will mounted a gate-post instead of his nag :  
For all our men were very very merry,  
And all our men were drinking ;  
There were two men of mine,  
Three men of thine,  
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne :  
As they went to the ferry, they were very very  
merry,  
For all our men were drinking.

*Letter x.*

As lords their labourers' hire delay,  
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,  
Which, if far short of present pay,  
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,  
Although a distant date be given ;  
Despair is treason towards man,  
And blasphemy to Heaven. *Chap. ix.*

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## FROM THE BETROTHED.

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### (1.) SONG—SOLDIER WAKE.

#### I.

SOLDIER, wake—the day is peeping,  
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,  
Never when the sunbeams still  
Lay unreflected on the hill :  
'Tis when they are glinted back  
From axe and armour, spear and jack,  
That they promise future story  
Many a page of deathless glory.  
Shields that are the foeman's terror,  
Ever are the morning's mirror.

#### II.

Arm and up—the morning beam  
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,  
Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,  
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake ;  
The early student ponders o'er  
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.  
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame ;  
Thy study, conquest ; war, thy game.



Shield, that would be foeman's terror,  
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

## III.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain ;  
More paltry still the sportsman's gain :  
Vainest of all, the student's theme  
Ends in some metaphysic dream :  
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd  
Since first the peep of dawn has smil'd :  
And each is eagerer in his aim  
Than he who barter's life for fame.  
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror !  
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

*Chap. xix.*

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(2.) SONG—WOMAN'S FAITH.

## I.

WOMAN's faith, and woman's trust—  
Write the characters in dust ;  
Stamp them on the running stream,  
Print them on the moon's pale beam,  
And each evanescent letter,  
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,  
And more permanent, I ween,  
Than the things those letters mean.

## II.

I have strain'd the spider's thread  
'Gainst the promise of a maid ;  
I have weigh'd a grain of sand  
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand ;  
I told my true love of the token,  
How her faith proved light, and her word  
was broken :  
Again her word and truth she plight,  
And I believed them again ere night.

*Chap. xx.*

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## (3.) SONG—I ASK'D OF MY HARP.

“A lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that excursive symbolical style of poetry, which Taliessin, Llewarch, Hen, and other bards, had derived perhaps from the time of the Druids.”

I ASK'D of my harp, “Who hath injured thy  
chords ?”

And she replied, “The crooked finger, which I  
mocked in my tune.”

A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of  
steel abideth—

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the  
lips,

But they are long corroded by the juice of worm-  
wood;

The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the  
wolf rangeth the mountain;

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd the red-hot iron, when it glimmer'd on the  
anvil,

"Wherefore glowest thou longer than the fire-  
brand?"—

"I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in  
the pleasant greenwood."

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd ~~the~~ green oak of the assembly, wherefore  
its boughs were dry and seared like the  
horns of the stag?

And it show'd me that a small worm had gnaw'd  
its roots.

The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the  
wicket of the castle at midnight.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires  
pierce the clouds;

Storms destroy armadas, though their sails inter-  
cept the gale,

He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

*Chap. xxxi.*

(4.)

WIDOWED wife and wedded maid,  
 Betroth'd, betrayer, and betray'd,  
 All is done that has been said;  
 Vanda's wrong hath been y-wroken—  
 Take her pardon by this token.

*Concluding Chap.*

(5.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. II.

IN Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,  
 With rapid clangour hurried far;  
 Each hill and dale the note rebounds,  
 But when return the sons of war!  
 Thou, born of stern Necessity,  
 Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee,  
 And owns thy melancholy sway.

*Welsh Poem.*

CHAP. VII.

Oh, sadly shines the morning sun  
 On leaguer'd castle wall,

When bastion, tower, and battlement,  
Seem nodding to their fall.

*Old Ballad.*

CHAP. XII.

Now all ye ladies of fair Scotland,  
And ladies of England that happy would prove,  
Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,  
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

*Family Quarrels.*

CHAP. XIII.

Too much rest is rust,  
There's ever cheer in changing ;  
We tyne by too much trust,  
So we'll be up and ranging.

*Old Song.*

CHAP. XVII.

Ring out the merry bell, the bride approaches,  
The blush upon her cheek has shamed the morn-  
ing,  
For that is dawning palely. Grant, good saints,  
These clouds betoken nought of evil omen !

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVII.

*Julia.* —Gentle sir,

You are our captive—but we'll use you so,  
That you shall think your prison joys may match  
Whate'er your liberty hath known of pleasure.

*Roderick.* No, fairest, we have trifled here too  
long ;

And, lingering to see your roses blossom,  
I've let my laurels wither. *Old Play.*

## CHAP. XXXI.

O, fear not, fear not, good Lord John,  
That I would you betray,  
Or sue requital for a debt,  
Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, all ye sacred powers,—  
Ye lights that 'gin to shine—  
This night shall prove the sacred tie  
That binds your faith and mine.

*Ancient Scottish Ballad.*

## FROM THE TALISMAN.

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(1.)

DARK Ahriman, whom Irak still  
Holds origin of woe and ill !

When, bending at thy shrine,  
We view the world with troubled eye,  
Where see we, 'neath the extended sky,  
An empire matching thine !

If the Benigner Power can yield  
A fountain in the desert field,  
Where weary pilgrims drink ;  
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,  
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,  
Where countless navies sink !

Or if He bid the soil dispense  
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,  
How few can they deliver  
From lingering pains, or pang intense,  
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,  
The arrows of thy quiver !

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,  
And frequent, while in words we pray

Before another throne,  
Whate'er of specious form be there,  
The secret meaning of the prayer  
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,  
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,  
As Eastern Magi say ;  
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,  
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,  
And fangs to tear thy prey ?

Or art thou mix'd in Nature's source,  
An ever-operating force,  
Converting good to ill ;  
An evil principle innate,  
Contending with our better fate,  
And oh ! victorious still ?

Howe'er it be, dispute is vain.  
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,  
Nor less on all within ;  
Each mortal passion's fierce career,  
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,  
Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,  
To brighten up our veil of tears,  
Thou art not distant far ;  
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,



Thou whett'st our very banquet-knives  
To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,  
Long as we linger on the earth,  
Thou rul'st the fate of men ;  
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,  
And—who dare answer ?—is thy power,  
Dark Spirit ! ended THEN ?

*Chap. iii.*

---

(2.)

“ A hearing was at length procured for the poet preferred, who sung, in high German, stanzas which may thus be translated :—”

WHAT brave chief shall head the forces,  
Where the red-cross legions gather ?  
Best of horsemen, best of horses,  
Highest head and fairest feather.

Ask not Austria why, 'midst princes,  
Still her banner rises highest ;  
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle  
Why to heaven he soars the nighest.

*Chap. xi.*

## (3.) THE BLOODY VEST.

“The song of Blondel was, of course, in the Norman language; but the verses which follow express its meaning and its manner.”

'TWAS near the fair city of Benevent,  
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,  
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,  
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;  
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,  
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,  
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,  
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas à Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,  
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—  
Little save iron and steel was there:  
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,  
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,  
The good knight with hammer and file did repair  
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,  
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

“Thus speaks my lady,” the page said he,  
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,  
“She is Benevent's Princess so high in degree,  
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—  
He that would climb so lofty a tree,

Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,  
Must dare some high deed, by which all men  
    may see  
His ambition is back'd by his hie chivalrie.

“Therefore thus speaks my lady,” the fair page  
    he said,  
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with  
    head,  
“Fling aside the good armour in which thou art  
    clad,  
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,  
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread :  
And charge thus attired, in the tournament dread,  
And fight, as thy wont is, where most blood is  
    shed,  
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead.”

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his  
    breast,  
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently  
    hath kiss'd :  
“Now blessed be the moment, the messenger be  
    blest !  
Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's high  
    behest ;  
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed  
    dress'd,  
To the best armed champion I will not veil my  
    crest ;

But if I live and bear me well, 'tis her turn to  
take the test."

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyttē of the Lay  
of the Bloody Vest.

---

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—  
There was winning of honour, and losing of  
seats—

There was hewing with falchions, and splintering  
of staves,

The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won graves.  
Oh, many a knight there fought bravely and well,  
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,  
And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and  
breast

Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bound for  
her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds, that were  
bloody and sore,

But others respected his plight, and forebore.

"It is some oath of honour," they said, "and I  
trow,

'Twere unknighly to slay him achieving his  
vow."

Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tourna-  
ment cease,

He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung  
peace ;  
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,  
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in  
the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,  
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire,  
And deliver'd a garment unseemly to view,  
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd and  
pierced through ;  
All rent and all tatter'd, all clotted with blood,  
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud,  
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,  
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

" This token my master, Sir Thomas à Kent,  
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent :  
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the  
fruit,  
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his  
suit ;  
Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,  
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown ;  
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run,  
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

" I restore, says my master, " the garment I've  
worn,  
And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn ;

For its stains and its rents she should prize it the  
more,  
Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crimson'd  
with gore."  
Then deep blush'd the Princess—yet kiss'd she  
and press'd  
The blood-spotted robes to her lips and her  
breast.  
"Go tell my true knight, church and chamber  
shall show  
If I value the blood on this garment or no."

And when it was time for the nobles to pass,  
In solemn procession to minster and mass,  
The first walk'd the Princess in purple and pall,  
But the blood-besmeared night-robe she wore over  
all ;  
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,  
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the  
wine,  
Over all her rich robes and state jewels she wore  
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may  
think,  
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink ;  
And the Prince, who in anger and shame had  
look'd down,  
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with  
a frown :

“Now since thou hast publish’d thy folly and  
guilt,  
E’en atone with thy hand for the blood thou hast  
spilt ;  
Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,  
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent.”

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he  
stood,  
Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood ;  
“The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,  
I pour’d forth as freely as flask gives its wine :  
And if for my sake she brooks penance and  
blame,  
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and  
shame ;  
And light will she reck of thy princedom and  
rent,  
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of  
Kent.”

*Chap. xxvi.*

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#### (4.) MOTTOES.

##### CHAP. IX.

THIS is the prince of leeches ; fever, plague,  
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look on him,  
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XI.

One thing is certain in our Northern land,  
Allow that birth, or valour, wealth, or wit,  
Give each precedence to their possessor,  
Envy, that follows on such eminence,  
As comes the lyme-hound on the roebuck's  
trace,  
Shall pull them down each one.

*Sir David Lindsay.*

## CHAP. XIII.

You talk of Gayety and Innocence !  
The moment when the fatal fruit was eaten,  
They parted ne'er to meet again ; and Malice  
Has ever since been playmate to light Gayety,  
From the first moment when the smiling infant  
Destroys the flower or butterfly he toys with,  
To the last chuckle of the dying miser,  
Who on his deathbed laughs his last to hear  
His wealthy neighbour has become a bankrupt.

*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XVI.

'Tis not her sense—for sure, in that  
There's nothing more than common ;  
And all her wit is only chat,  
Like any other woman.

*Song.*



## CHAP. XVII.

Were every hair upon his head a life,  
And every life were to be supplicated  
By numbers equal to those hairs quadrupled,  
Life after life should out like waning stars  
Before the daybreak—or as festive lamps,  
Which have lent lustre to the midnight revel,  
Each after each are quench'd when guests depart !  
*Old Play.*

## CHAP. XIX.

Must we then sheath our still victorious sword ;  
Turn back our forward step, which ever trode  
O'er foemen's necks the onward path of glory ;  
Unclasp the mail, which, with a solemn vow,  
In God's own house, we hung upon our shoulders :  
That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the promise  
Which village nurses make to still their children,  
And after think no more of ? ——

*The Crusade, a Tragedy.*

## CHAP. XX.

When beauty leads the lion in her toils,  
Such are her charms, he dare not raise his mane,  
Far less expand the terror of his fangs.  
So great Alcides made his club'a distaff,  
And spun to please fair Omphalé.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXIII.

'Mid these wild scenes Enchantment waves her  
hand,  
To change the face of the mysterious land ;  
Till the bewildering scenes around us seem  
The vain productions of a feverish dream.

*Astolpho, a Romance.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

—— A grain of dust  
Soiling our cup, will make our sense reject  
Fastidiously the draught which we did thirst for ;  
A rusted nail, placed near the faithful compass,  
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the argosy.  
Even this small cause of anger and disgust  
Will break the bonds of amity 'mongst princes,  
And wreck their noblest purposes.

*The Crusade.*

## CHAP. XXVI.

The tears I shed must ever fall !  
I weep not for an absent swain,  
For time may happier hours recall,  
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,  
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,  
And those that loved their steps must tread,  
When death shall join to part no more.

But worse than absence, worse than death,  
She wept her lover's sullied fame,  
And, fired with all the pride of birth,  
She wept a soldier's injured name.

*Ballad.*

## FROM WOODSTOCK.

---

(1.)

By pathless march, by greenwood tree,  
It is thy weird to follow me—  
To follow me through the ghastly moonlight—  
To follow me through the shadows of night—  
To follow me, comrade, still art thou bound :  
I conjure thee by the unstanched wound—  
I conjure thee by the last words I spoke,  
When the body slept and the spirit awoke,  
In the very last pangs of the deadly stroke !

*Chap. xiv.*

---

## (2.) AN HOUR WITH THEE.

An hour with thee !—When earliest day  
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,  
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear  
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,

New griefs, which coming hours unfold,  
And sad remembrance of the old?—

One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When burning June  
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;  
What shall repay the faithful swain,  
His labour on the sultry plain;  
And more than cave or sheltering bough,  
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?—

One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,  
Oh! what can teach me to forget  
The thankless labours of the day;  
The hopes, the wishes, flung away;  
The increasing wants, and lessening gains,  
The master's pride, who scorns my pains?—

One hour with thee!

*Chap. xxvi.*

### (3.) WILDRAKE'S SNATCHES.

HEY for cavaliers! Ho for cavaliers!  
Pray for cavaliers!

Rub a dub—rub a dub!  
Have at old Beelzebub—  
Oliver smokes for fear.

Hash them—slash them—  
All to pieces dash them.

*Chap. v.*

---

Then let the health go round, a-round, a-round,  
a-round,  
Then let the health go round ;  
For though your stocking be of silk,  
Your knee shall kiss the ground, a-ground,  
a-ground, a-ground,  
Your knee shall kiss the ground.

*Chap. xx.*

---

Son of a witch,  
Mayst thou die in a ditch,  
With the butchers who back thy quarrels ;  
And rot above ground,  
While the world shall resound  
A welcome to Royal King Charles.

*Chap. xxx.*

---

When I was a young lad,  
My fortune was bad,  
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.  
I spent all my means

Amid sharpers and queans ;  
Then I got a commission to plunder.  
I have stockings 'tis true,  
But the devil a shoe,  
I am forced to wear boots in all weather,  
Be d——d the boot sole,  
Curse on the spur-roll,  
Confounded be the upper-leather.

*Chap. xxxvi.*

---

Now a plague on the poll  
Of old politic Noll !  
We will drink till we bring  
In triumph back the King.

*Chap. xxxvii.*

---

#### (4.) MOTTOES.

##### CHAP. II.

COME forth, old man—Thy daughter's side  
Is now the fitting place for thee :  
When time hath quell'd the oak's bold pride,  
The youthful tendril yet may hide  
The ruins of the parent tree.

##### CHAP. III.

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inns your  
stage,  
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,

Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberries and the  
West,  
And northern clashes, where you still fought best ;  
Your strange escapes, your dangers void of fear,  
When bullets flew between the head and ear,  
Whether you fought by Damme or the Spirit,  
Of you I speak.

*Legend of Captain Jones.*

CHAP. IV.

Yon path of greensward  
Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion ;  
There is no flint to gall thy tender foot,  
There's ready shelter from each breeze, or  
shower.—  
But Duty guides not that way—see her stand,  
With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon  
cliffs.  
Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy  
footsteps,  
Oft where she leads thy head must bear the  
storm,  
And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, and  
hunger ;  
But she will guide thee up to noble heights,  
Which he who gains seems native of the sky,  
While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his feet,  
Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless——

*Anonymous.*



## CHAP. V

My tongue pads slowly under this new language,  
And starts and stumbles at these uncouth phrases.  
They may be great in worth and weight, but hang  
Upon the native glibness of my language  
Like Saul's plate-armour on the shepherd boy,  
Encumbering and not arming him.

*J. B.*

## CHAP. VI.

Sleep steals on us even like his brother Death—  
We know not when it comes—we know it must  
come—

We may affect to scorn and to condemn it,  
For 'tis the highest pride of human misery  
To say it knows not of an opiate ;  
Yet the reft parent, the despairing lover,  
Even the poor wretch who waits for execution,  
Feels this oblivion, against which he thought  
His woes had arm'd his senses, steal upon him,  
And through the fenceless citadel—the body—  
Surprise that haughty garrison—the mind.

*Herbert.*

## CHAP. X.

Here we have one head  
Upon two bodies—your two-headed bullock  
Is but an ass to such a prodigy.  
These two have but one meaning, thought, and  
counsel ;

And, when the single noddle has spoke out,  
The four legs scrape assent to it.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XIV.

Deeds are done on earth,  
Which have their punishment ere the earth closes  
Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working  
Of the remorse-stirr'd fancy, or the vision,  
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,  
All ages witness, that beside the couch  
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost  
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVII.

We do that in our zeal,  
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXIV.

The deadliest snakes are those which, twined  
'mongst flowers,  
Blend their bright colouring with the varied blossoms,  
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled dew-drop ;  
In all so like what nature has most harmless,  
That sportive innocence, which dreads no danger,  
Is poison'd unawares.

*Old Play.*

FROM CHRONICLES OF THE CANON-  
GATE.

---

(1.)

FOR he did spend and make an end  
Of gear that his forefathers wan ;  
Of land and ware he made him bare,  
So speak nae mair of the auld gudeman.

*Chap. iv.*

(2.)

Oh, I'm come to the Low Country,  
Och, och, ohonochie,  
Without a penny in my pouch  
To buy a meal for me.  
I was the proudest of my clan,  
Long, long may I repine ;  
And Donald was the bravest man,  
And Donald he was mine.

*Old Song. Highland Widow, Chap. ii.*

## (3.) MOTTOES.

## THE TWO DROVERS.

## CHAP. II.

WERE ever two such loving friends!—  
How could they disagree?  
O thus it was, he loved him dear,  
And thought how to requite him,  
And having no friend left but he,  
He did resolve to fight him.

*Duke upon Duke.*

---

## (4.) MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

THERE are times  
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite  
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth  
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,  
When the broad, palpable, and mark'd partition,  
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems dissolved,  
As if the mental eye gain'd power to gaze  
Beyond the limits of the existing world.  
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love  
Than all the gross realities of life.

*Anonymous.*

## FROM THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

---

### (1.) THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.<sup>1</sup>

AH, poor Louise ! the livelong day  
She roams from cot to castle gay ;  
And still her voice and viol say,  
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,  
                                    Think on Louise.

Ah, poor Louise ! The sun was high,  
It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye,  
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,  
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie  
                                    To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise ! The savage bear  
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair ;  
The wolves molest not paths so fair—  
But better far had such been there  
                                    For poor Louise.

<sup>1</sup> This lay has been set to beautiful music by a lady whose composition, to say nothing of her singing, might make any poet proud of his verses, Mrs. Robert Arkwright, born Miss Kemble.

Ah, poor Louise ! In woody wold  
She met a huntsman fair and bold ;  
His baldrick was of silk and gold,  
And many a witching tale he told  
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise ! Small cause to pine  
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine ;  
For peace of mind, that gift divine,  
And spotless innocence, were thine,  
Ah, poor Louise !

Ah, poor Louise ! Thy treasure's reft !  
I know not if by force or theft,  
Or part by violence, part by gift ;  
But misery is all that's left  
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have !  
She will not long your bounty crave,  
Or tire the gay with warning stave—  
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave,  
For poor Louise.  
*Chap. x.*

---

## (2.) DEATH CHANT.

—“ERE he guessed where he was going, the leech  
was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proud-

fute, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the umquhile Bonnet-maker, for the ceremony of next morning; of which chant, the following verses may be received as a modern imitation :”—

## 1.

VIEWLESS Essence, thin and bare,  
Well-nigh melted into air ;  
Still with fondness hovering near  
The earthly form thou once didst wear ;

## 2.

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,  
Be thy course to left or right ;  
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,  
Pause upon the awful brink.

## 3.

To avenge the deed expelling  
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,  
Mystic force thou shalt retain  
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

## 4.

When the form thou shalt espy  
That darken'd on thy closing eye ;  
When the footstep thou shalt hear,  
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear ;

## 5.

Then strange sympathies shall wake,  
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake ;  
The wounds renew their clotter'd flood,  
And every drop cry blood for blood.

*Chap. xxii.*

---

(3.)

“ The maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French ; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves.”

## 1.

YES, thou mayst sigh,  
And look once more at all around,  
At stream and bank, and sky and ground,  
Thy life its final course has found,  
And thou must die.

## 2.

Yes, lay thee down,  
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,  
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,  
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—  
Thy life is gone.



3.

Be not afraid,  
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,  
A fever fit, and then a chill ;  
And then an end of human ill,  
For thou art dead.

*Chap. xxx.*

(4.)—MOTTOES.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE ashes here of murder'd Kings  
Beneath my footsteps sleep ;  
And yonder lies the scene of death,  
Where Mary learn'd to weep.  
*Captain Marjoribanks.*

CHAP. I.

“Behold the Tiber !” the vain Roman cried,  
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side ;  
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,  
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay ?  
*Anonymous.*

CHAP. XI.

Fair is the damsel, passing fair,—  
Sunny at distance gleams her smile !

Approach—the cloud of woeful care  
Hangs trembling in her eye the while.  
*Lucinda, a Ballad.*

## CHAP. XV.

O for a draught of power to steep  
The soul of agony in sleep !  
*Bertha.*

## CHAP. XX.

A woman wails for justice at the gate,  
A widow'd woman, wan and desolate.  
*Bertha.*

## CHAP. XXIII.

Lo ! where he lies embalm'd in gore,  
His wound to Heaven cries ;  
The floodgates of his blood implore,  
For vengeance from the skies.  
*Uranus and Psyche.*

## CHAP. XXXIII.

The hour is nigh : now hearts beat high ;  
Each sword is sharpen'd well :  
And who dares die, who stoops to fly,  
To-morrow's light shall tell.  
*Sir Edwald.*

## FROM ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

---

(1.)

IF I hit mast, and line, and bird,  
An English archer keeps his word.  
Ah! maiden, didst thou aim at me,  
A single glance were worth the three.

*Chap. iv.*

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## (2.) THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

—— “Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis’s Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:”—

MEASURERS of good and evil,  
Bring the square, the line, the level,—

Rear the altar, dig the trench,  
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.  
Cubits six, from end to end,  
Must the fatal bench extend,—  
Cubits six, from side to side,  
Judge and culprit must divide.  
On the east the Court assembles,  
On the west the Accused trembles—  
Answer, brethren, all and one,  
Is the ritual rightly done?

---

On life and soul, on blood and bone,  
One for all, and all for one,  
We warrant this is rightly done.

---

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine  
In early radiance on the Rhine?  
What music floats upon his tide?  
Do birds the tardy morning chide:  
Brethren, look out from hill and height,  
And answer true, how wears the night?

---

The night is old ; on Rhine's broad breast  
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.

No beams are twinkling in the east.  
There is a voice upon the flood,  
The stern still call of blood for blood ;  
'Tis time we listen the behest.

Up, then, up ! When day's at rest,  
'Tis time that such as we are watchers ;  
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise !  
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,  
He and night are matchers.

*Chap. xx.*

---

### (3.) MOTTOES.

#### CHAP. V.

———— I was one  
Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,  
The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life.  
Season'd with sweet content, more than the halls  
Where revellers feast to fever-height. Believe me,  
There ne'er was poison mix'd in maple bowl.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. VI.

When we two meet, we meet like rushing torrents ;  
Like warring winds, like flames from various  
    points,  
That mate each other's fury—there is nought  
Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,  
Can match the wrath of man.

*Frenaud.*

## CHAP. VIII.

They saw that city, welcoming the Rhine,  
As from his mountain heritage he bursts,  
As purposed proud Orgetorix of yore,  
Leaving the desert region of the hills,  
To lord it o'er the fertile plains of Gaul.

*Helvetia.*

## CHAP. X.

We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.  
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,  
Which to the slumberer seem realities ;  
And while they waked, some men have seen such  
    sights  
As set at nought the evidence of sense,  
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XI.

These be the adept's doctrines—every element  
 Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.  
 The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float;  
 Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the Gnome;  
 The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,  
 And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home  
 To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XVIII.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster,  
 The grapes of juice divine,  
 Which makes the soldier's jovial courage muster;  
 O, blessed be the Rhine!

*Drinking Song.*<sup>1</sup>

## CHAP. XXII.

Tell me not of it—I could ne'er abide  
 The mummery of all that forced civility.  
 “Pray, seat yourself, my lord.” With cringing  
     hams  
 The speech is spoken, and, with bended knee,  
 Heard by the smiling courtier.—“Before you,  
     sir?  
 It must be on the earth then.” Hang it all!

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the best and most popular of the German ditties:—

“Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben  
 Gesegnet sei der Rhein,” &c.

The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion  
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIX.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age  
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety,  
Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain  
With such wild visions as the setting sun  
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,  
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XXX.

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays  
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,  
Which Jove's dread lightning scathes not. He  
hath doft

The cumbrous helm of steel, and flung aside  
The yet more galling diadem of gold;  
While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,  
He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.

CHAP. XXXI.

——— Want you a man  
Experienced in the world and its affairs?  
Here he is for your purpose. He's a monk.  
He hath forsworn the world and all its work  
The rather that he knows it passing well,  
'Special the worst of it, for he's a monk.

*Old Play.*



## CHAP. XXXIII.

Toll, toll the bell!  
Greatness is o'er,  
The heart has broke,  
To ache no more;  
An unsubstantial pageant all—  
Drop o'er the scene the funeral-pall.

*Old Poem.*

## CHAP. XXXV.

——— Here's a weapon now,  
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,  
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,  
However holy be his offices,  
E'en while he serves the altar.

*Old Play.*

## FROM COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

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### MOTTOES.

#### CHAP. II.

*Othus.* ——— This superb successor  
Of the earth's mistress, as thou vainly speakest,  
Stands 'midst these ages as, on the wide ocean,  
The last spared fragment of a spacious land,  
That in some grand and awful ministration  
Of mighty nature has engulfed been,  
Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliffs  
O'er the wild waste around, and sadly frowns  
In lonely majesty.

*Constantine Paleologus, Scene I.*

#### CHAP. III.

Here, youth, thy foot unbrace,  
Here, youth, thy brow unbraid ;  
Each tribute that may grace  
The threshold here be paid.  
Walk with the stealthy pace  
Which Nature teaches deer,

When, echoing in the chase,  
The hunter's horn they hear.

*The Court.*

CHAP. V.

The storm increases—'tis no sunny shower,  
Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,  
Or such as parched Summer cools his lip with;  
Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost  
          deeps

Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;  
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,  
And where's the dike shall stop it!

*The Deluge, a Poem.*

CHAP. VI.

Vain man! thou mayst esteem thy love as fair  
As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.  
She may be all that's matchless in her person,  
And all-divine in soul to match her body;  
But take this from me—thou shalt never call her  
Superior to her sex, while *one* survives,  
And I am her true votary.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. VIII.

Through the vain webs which puzzle sophist's skill,  
Plain sense and honest meaning work their way;  
So sink the varying clouds upon the hill,  
When the clear dawning brightens into day.

*Dr. Watts.*

## CHAP. IX.

Between the foaming jaws of the white torrent,  
The skilful artist draws a sudden mound ;  
By level long he subdivides their strength,  
Stealing the waters from their rocky bed,  
First to diminish what he means to conquer ;  
Then, for the residue he forms a road,  
Easy to keep, and painful to desert,  
And guiding to the end the planner aim'd at.

*The Engineer.*

## CHAP. X.

Those were wild times—the antipodes of ours :  
Ladies were there, who oftener saw themselves  
In the broad lustre of a foeman's shield  
Than in a mirror, and who rather sought  
To match themselves in battle, than in dalliance  
To meet a lover's onset.—But though Nature  
Was outraged thus, she was not overcome.

*Feudal Times.*

## CHAP. XI.

Without, a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbrous,  
Within, it was a little paradise,  
Where Taste had made her dwelling.—Stat-  
uary,  
First-born of human art, moulded her images,  
And bade men mark and worship.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XII.

The parties met. The wily, wordy Greek,  
Weighing each word, and canvassing each syllable ;  
Evading, arguing, equivocating,  
And the stern Frank came with his two-hand  
sword,  
Watching to see which way the balance sways,  
That he may throw it in, and turn the scales.

*Palestine.*

## CHAP. XVI.

Strange ape of man ! who loathes thee while he  
scorns thee ;  
Half a reproach to us and half a jest.  
What fancies can be ours ere we have pleasure  
In viewing our own form, our pride and passions,  
Reflected in a shape grotesque as thine !

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XVII.

'Tis strange that, in the dark sulphureous mine,  
Where wild ambition piles its ripening stores  
Of slumbering thunder, Love will interpose  
His tiny torch, and cause the stern explosion  
To burst, when the deviser's least aware.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XX.

She comes ! she comes ! in all the charms of youth,  
Unequall'd love and unsuspected truth !

## CHAP. XXIV.

All is prepared—the chambers of the mine  
Are cramm'd with the combustible, which, harm-  
less

While yet unkindled, as the sable sand,  
Needs but a spark to change its nature so,  
That he who wakes it from its slumbrous mood,  
Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who  
knows

That 'tis his towers which meet its fury.

*Anonymous.*

## CHAP. XXV.

Heaven knows its time ; the bullet has its billet,  
Arrow and javelin each its destined purpose ;  
The fated beasts of Nature's lower strain  
Have each their separate task.

*Old Play.*

## FROM CASTLE DANGEROUS.

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### MOTTOES.

#### CHAP. V.

A TALE of sorrow, for your eyes may weep ;  
A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle ;  
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch,  
And the flesh curdles if you read it rightly.  
*Old Play.*

#### CHAP. XI.

Where is he? Has the deep earth swallow'd  
him?  
Or hath he melted like some airy phantom  
That shuns the approach of morn and the young  
sun?  
Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian darkness,  
And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight  
With things of the night's shadows?  
*Anonymous.*

#### CHAP. XIV.

The way is long, my children, long and rough—  
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark ;

But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,  
Unskill'd save in the velvet course of fortune,  
Hath miss'd the discipline of noble hearts.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XVIII.

His talk was of another world—his bodiments  
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious ; those who  
heard him

Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,  
Who speaks of other objects than the present,  
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

*Old Play.*

CHAP. XX.

Cry the wild war-note, let the champions pass,  
Do bravely each, and God defend the right ;  
Upon Saint Andrew thrice can they thus cry,  
And thrice they shout on height,  
And then marked them on the Englishmen,  
As I have told you right.  
Saint George the bright, our ladies' knight,  
To name they were full fain ;  
Our Englishmen they cried on height,  
And thrice they shout again.

*Old Ballad.*















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*James L. Smith*

*The Poetical Works*

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# The British Poets

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